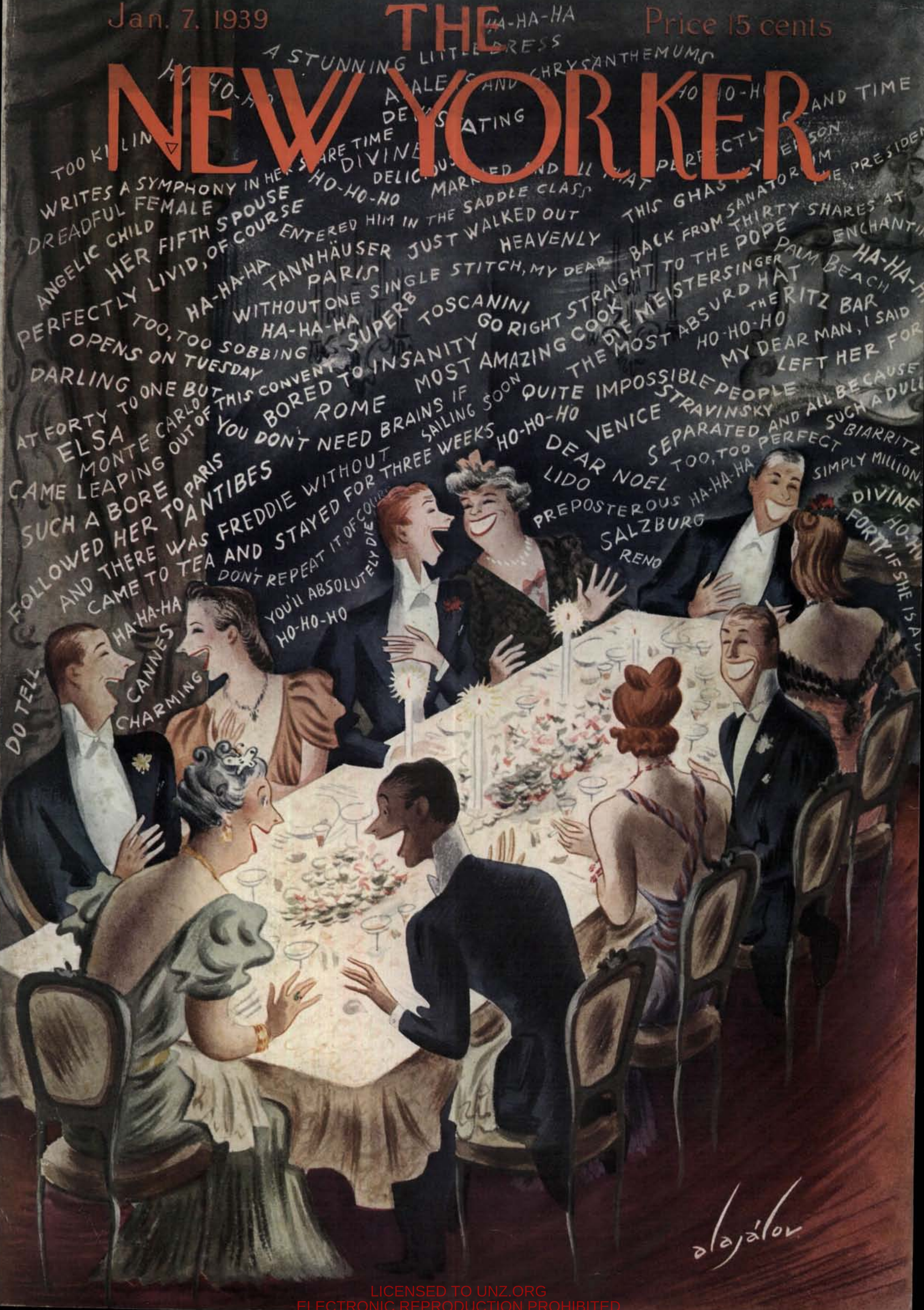
Jan. 7, 1939

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

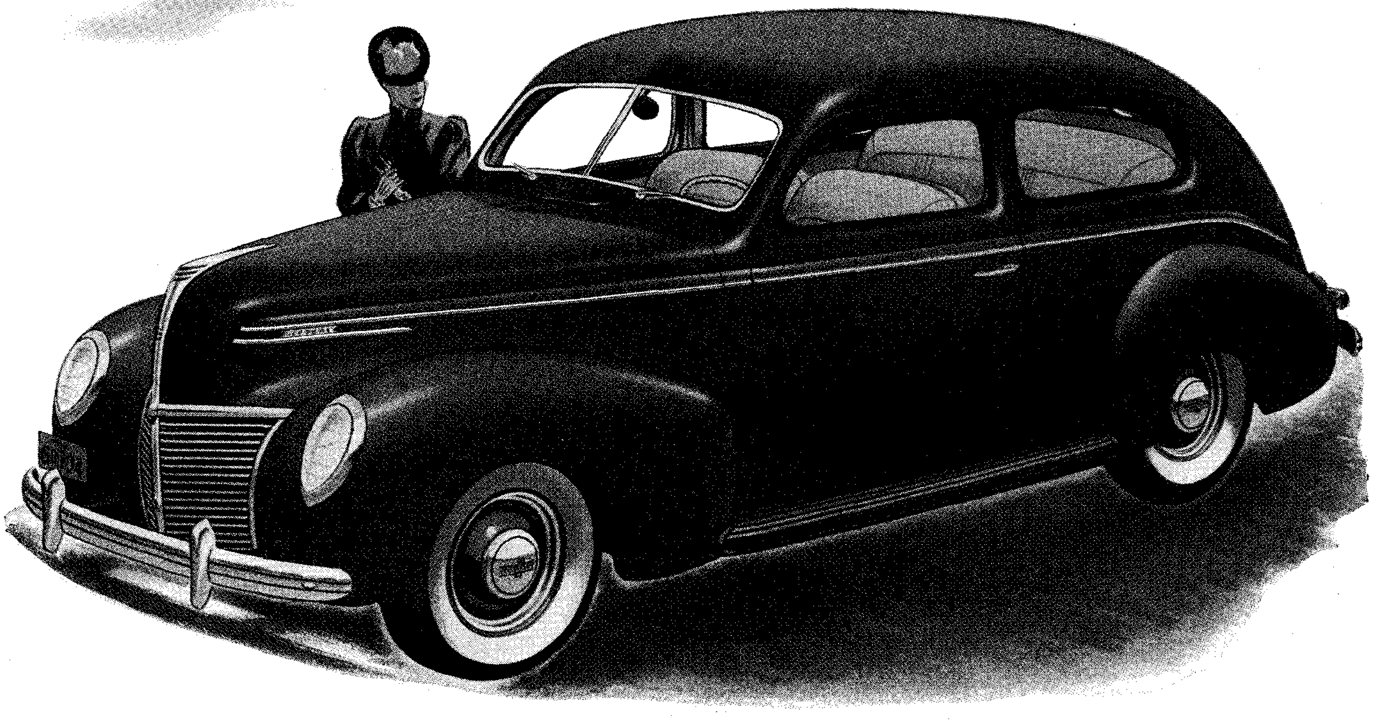

HA-HA-HA
A STUNNING LITTLE DRESS
HO-HO-HO
A ALE S AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS
HO HO-H
AND TIME
DE S ATING
TOO KI LIN
WRITES A SYMPHONY IN HE S ARE TIME
DIVINE
DELIC OUS
MAR ED AND ALL THAT
PERFECTLY
E SON
DREADFUL FEMALE
HO-HO-HO
ANGELIC CHILD
HER FIFTH SPOUSE
PERFECTLY LIVID, OF COURSE
ENTERED HIM IN THE SADDLE CLASS
JUST WALKED OUT
THIS GHAS
SANATORIUM
THE PRESIDEN
HEAVENLY
BACK FROM
THIRTY SHARES AT
ENCHANTI
HA-HA-HA
TANNHÄUSER
PARIS
WITHOUT ONE SINGLE STITCH, MY DEAR
GO RIGHT STRAIGHT TO THE POPE
DIE MEISTERSINGER
PALM BEACH
HA-HA-H
TOO, TOO SOBBING
HA-HA-HA
SUPERB
TOSCANINI
MOST AMAZING COOK
THE MOST ABSURD HAT
THE RITZ BAR
OPENS ON TUESDAY
HO-HO-HO
MY DEAR MAN, I SAID
DARLING
BORED TO INSANITY
LEFT HER FOR
AT FORTY TO ONE BUT
THIS CONVENT
MOST
THE
QUITE IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE
ALL BECAUSE
ELSA
MONTE CARLO
OUT OF
ROME
YOU DON'T NEED BRAINS IF
SAILING SOON
HO-HO-HO
STRAVINSKY
SUCH A DULL
CAME LEAPING
VENICE
SEPARATED AND
BIARRITZ
SUCH A BORE
FOLLOWED HER TO PARIS
ANTIBES
FREDDIE WITHOUT
STAYED FOR THREE WEEKS
DEAR NOEL
LIDO
TOO, TOO PERFECT
SIMPLY MILLIONS
AND THERE WAS
CAME TO TEA AND
DON'T REPEAT IT, OF COURSE
YOU'LL ABSOLUTELY DIE
PREPOSTEROUS
HA-HA-HA
DIVINE
HO-HO
FORTY, IF SHE IS A DAY
SALZBURG
RENO
HA-HA-HA
HO-HO-HO
CANNES
CHARMING
DO TELL
alajálov

The history of the Ford Motor Company is written in ever-increasing motoring values. The Mercury 8, an entirely new car, is a new chapter in that history. Priced between the Ford V-8 and the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12, the Mercury brings to its price field many advantages of both these Ford-built cars . . . advantages best expressed in the phrase "top value."

THE NEW

MERCURY 8

A PRODUCT OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY



The impressive size of the Mercury 8 is not an illusion. This is a big, wide car and exceptionally roomy — with large luggage compartment. Note these unusually generous dimensions — wheelbase 116 inches; over-all length 16 feet, 2 inches. The front compartment in sedan body types is 54 inches wide, and the rear compartment measures 56 inches from side to side. A new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine provides very favorable power-to-weight ratio, and assures brilliant, economical performance. • Mercury upholstery and appointments combine luxury with comfort and convenience. Seat cushions are soft and deep. Brakes are hydraulic; body and chassis all-steel. • Our dealers invite you to see and drive the new Mercury 8.

A REMARKABLY QUIET CAR

The Mercury 8 offers you remarkable freedom from noise and vibration—thanks to thorough soundproofing. All the resources of modern technology have been used by Ford research engineers to track down and eliminate engine, body and chassis noises. New materials and many rubber mountings also contribute to making the Mercury "silent as the night" . . . a restful and relaxing car in which to ride.

FORD-BUILT MEANS TOP VALUE

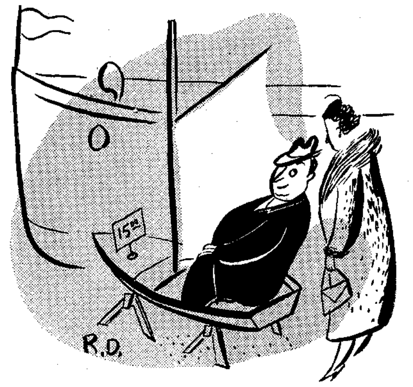
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, MAKERS OF FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Samba chiffon, in wise lines, surprise colors.
Cape of passion-flower purple over a palm-green gown.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Raymond Massey in Robert E. Sherwood's beautiful play, covering the years between 1830 and 1861. Muriel Kirkland and Adele Longmire as Mary Todd and Ann Rutledge. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE—The American tradition comes to the rescue of a New England manufacturer in his great temptation. Charles Waldron, Rachel Hartzell, Donald Cook, Phoebe Foster, and others. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

BACHELOR BORN—An English boys' boarding school disrupted by three English girl visitors. There have been several replacements in the cast since this opened last season. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Scheduled to move soon. Better consult your daily newspaper.)

EVERYWHERE I ROAM—The agrarian problem in America staged in the most exciting fashion possible. Dean Jagger, Katherine Emery, and others. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220.)

HAMLET—Maurice Evans' performance would probably have impressed Shakespeare, and it might have tired him a little, too. This uncut version runs from 6:30 to 8:10 and then from 9:10 to 11:15. Mady Christians, Katherine Locke, and Whitford Kane are also in the cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 6:30 P.M. Mat., Sat. only, 1 P.M.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—Backstage in a vaudeville theatre, among the stagehands, dwarfs, and ventriloquists, metaphysics raises its head rather indefinitely, but with Philip Barry's flair for the theatre. Eddie Dowling, Madge Evans, Leo Chalzel, and Russell Collins. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969.)

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE—Even the colored butler turns out to be a louse in this comedy about the movie version of "Gone with the Wind." Helen Claire is expert and tireless as the Southern girl who finally gets the job. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:35 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

THE MERCHANT OF YONKERS—A farce which can best be designated as "farce," with a cast which is much too good for it. Jane Cowl, June Walker, Percy Waram, and others. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

OSCAR WILDE—The great poseur made neither too comic nor embarrassing in an extremely adroit and intelligent play. Robert Morley plays Wilde with great taste and no sunflowers. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

OUTWARD BOUND—An all-star revival of one of the most warming plays of the past fifteen years. You must know the plot. With Laurette Taylor, Florence Reed, Helen Chandler, Alexander Kirkland, Vincent Price, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628.)

ROCKET TO THE MOON—Clifford Odets' play about a dentist who finds himself face to face with Love at middle age. The third act gets a bit chatty, but the Group Theatre cast carries on. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-0178.)

SPRING MEETING—Ireland, of all places, is the scene of this pleasant comedy of lack-of-manners involving a family of horse-lovers and an excellent English (for the most part) cast. Gladys Cooper, A. E. Matthews, Jean Cadell, and others. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

WHAT A LIFE—Rather engaging comedy about a high-school boy who is accused of stealing a brass band. It is directed with George Abbott's usual brilliance and Ezra Stone heads the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS—A play by Dorothy and Du Bose Heyward, based on Mr. Heyward's novel of the same name. Ethel Waters, José Ferrer, and Fredi Washington head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:35 P.M. Mats. 2:35 P.M.)

THE PRIMROSE PATH—A dramatization by Robert Buckner and Walter Hart of Victoria Lincoln's novel, "February Hill." With Helen Westley, Betty Field, Russell Hardie, and others. Staged by George Abbott. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—Don't be worried when you hear that this is based on Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors." It also has a fine Rodgers and Hart score, Jimmy Savo, and a lot of other things. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—"Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 5-7; "The Mikado," Mon. through Wed., Jan. 9-11; "Iolanthe," Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 12-14. Presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, with a cast including Leslie Rands, Martyn Green, Darrell Fancourt, Sydney Granville, Marjorie Eyre, and Evelyn Gardiner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:15 P.M.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Two strange men called Olsen and Johnson have come right up out of vaudeville to put on one of the funniest shows of the year. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—This cheerful fantasy owes most of its success to the Rodgers and Hart tunes and to Vera Zorina, who dances to them. Vivienne Segal, Dennis King, Audrey Christie, and Walter Slezak also help. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill collaborating on a musical history of New York in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. Some static moments, but on the whole tuneful and eloquent. Walter Huston manages his peg leg superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

LEAVE IT TO ME!—Victor Moore as an ambassador to Russia who wishes he were back in Topeka, with Sophie Tucker as his wife and William Gaxton as a newspaperman on a tough assignment. Cole Porter music and a classy production. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue presented by garment workers, which for satire, score, and general verve is better than most we have seen. Second year. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BR 9-1163.)

SING OUT THE NEWS—Philip Loeb and Hiram Sherman give deft comic performances in a revue that is often more earnest than funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Closes Sat., Jan. 7.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent last-minute changes by managers.)

THE GENTLE PEOPLE—A play by Irwin Shaw. A Group Theatre production, with a cast headed by Sylvia Sidney, Franchot Tone, and Sam Jaffe. Opens Thurs., Jan. 5. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-5100. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

DEAR OCTOPUS—A play by Dodie Smith, with a large cast which includes Lucile Watson, Lillian Gish, Phyllis Povah, and Reginald Mason. Produced by John C. Wilson. Opens Wed., Jan. 11. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—A revival of Oscar Wilde's play. With Clifton Webb, Estelle Winwood, Hope Williams, Derek Williams, Florence McGee, and others. Opens Thurs., Jan. 12. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BR 9-0134.)

MISCELLANY

RUTH DRAPER—In her "Character Sketches": nightly through Sat., Jan. 7, at 8:45. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:45 P.M. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791.)

ELSIE JANIS—In a series of Sunday-night performances: Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:45. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company in Honoré de Balzac's "Le Faiseur": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 5-6, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 7. . . . Vildrac's "Paquebot Tenacity" and Prosper Mérimée's "L'Occasion": nightly, except Sat. and Sun., for two weeks beginning Jan. 9; Mats. Wed. and Sat. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

THE GIRL FROM WYOMING—A burlesque on Wild West melodrama which is enjoyable enough provided you enter into the spirit of the thing. You sit at a table, of course, and that helps. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PL 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Big Blow," a dramatization of Theodore Pratt's novel, starring the Florida hurricane. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CH 4-5714. No Mats.) . . . "Androcles and the Lion," Shaw's play, with an all-Negro cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TI 5-0920. 9 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve. Mat. Sat.) . . . "Pinocchio": a dramatization of the book. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-1361. 8:30 P.M. No performances Thurs. and Mon. Eves., Jan. 5 and 9. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

MORDKIN BALLET—Beginning a series of Sunday-night performances: Sun. Eve., Jan. 8. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5582.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—And her concert group: Wed. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8:30. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing; Dick Gasparre's and Vincent Bragale's orchestras. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room presents Horace Heidt and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Small and generally gay; you can dance to the music of George Sterney's orchestra or just sit and listen to Anne Francine and the Tisdale Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—This favorite East Side spot has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Di Vera's rumba band. Dress preferred.

EL RIO, 130 E. 58 (EL 5-8489)—A new rumba place with a nice Ferdinand-the-Bull sort of atmosphere. Entertainment by Sheila Barrett; music by Johnny Johnson's orchestra and the El Rio rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Manages to achieve an intimate atmosphere without the usual space restrictions. Music by Joseph Smith and Eddie Davis.

LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—This little upstairs room is the nearest thing to a Parisian *boîte* in town. Greta Keller, Elsie Houston, Cy Walter and Gil Bowers, and others entertain from 11 P.M. on. No dancing.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A great haunt of people who live in the Seventies, and many who don't. Music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and Rodriguez's rumba band.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Freddie Starr

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	42
AT THE MOVIE HOUSES	8
BOOKS	53
COURT GAMES	47
THE CURRENT CINEMA	51
MUSICAL EVENTS	50
OF ALL THINGS	33
PROFILES	24
A REPORTER AT LARGE	34
THE THEATRE	30

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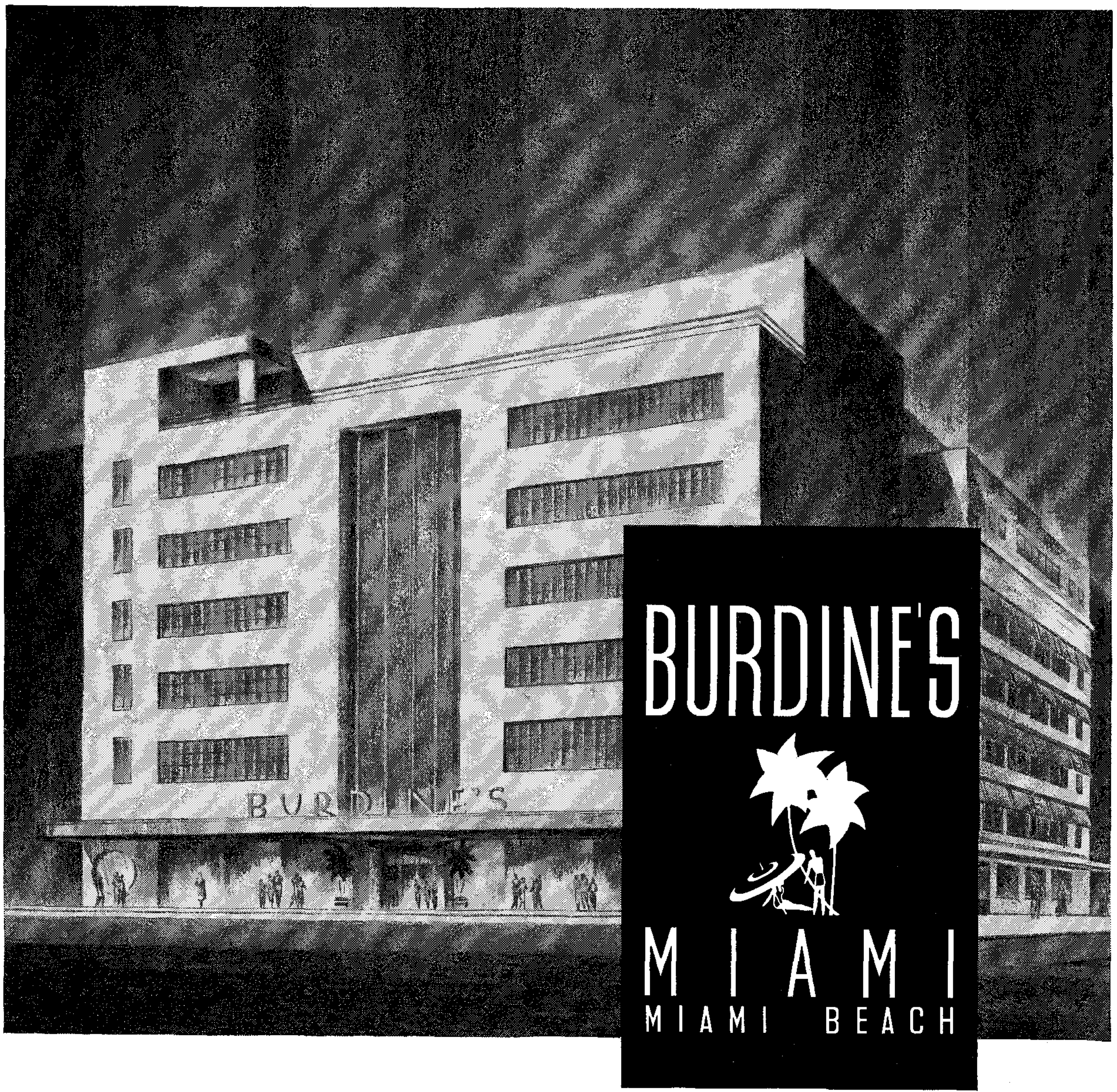

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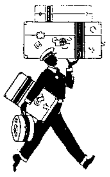

Ready now is a great, new Burdine store. Thrillingly, dramatically beautiful, it is an appropriate setting for the most exciting collection of Sunshine Fashions we have ever assembled. More so than ever these new Sunshine Fashions will preview nation-wide trends for next Summer in smart resortwear and accessories. More so than ever it is fashion-wise to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.]

and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing in the new Queen Elizabeth Room. Dress preferred.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Corinthian Room weekdays (through Jan. 6).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The perennial Persian Room has Eddy Duchin's orchestra, songs by Morton Downey, and dances by Maurice and Cordoba. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CI 6-1400)—Up above the world so high, you'll *find Alec Templeton, the remarkable pianist*; Harris and Shore, dancers; and King, the "Wonder Dog." Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. A new show opens Wed. Eve., Jan. 11. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... The McFarland Twins and their band play in the Rainbow Grill.

Road to Mandalay, Park at 59 (VO 5-2500)—Harry Richman's elegant new place, with songs by Adelaide Moffett and Mr. R., music by Joseph Rines' orchestra, and dances by Mary Raye and Naldi.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room offers Charles Baum's orchestra, Don Marton's tango-rumba band, and an attractive "Entertainment on Ice." Formal dress required on the dance floor.... The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, is full of nostalgia and Cossack uniforms. Billy Hicks' colored swing band and Nicolas Mathey's orchestra play, and Yvonne Bouvier sings.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-2600)—Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske tells his merry stories; will be replaced by Mili Monti on Jan. 6.

Sherry's, 300 Park (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Dress preferred.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and José Lopez.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Songs by Deane Janis; dances by Mario and Floria; music by Maximilian Bergère's and Panchito's orchestras.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, Emil Coleman's orchestra plays and there are songs by Alice Marble, of all people. Must dress.... Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band hold forth in the informal Empire Room (dinner and supper).... Mischa Borr's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant (supper only).

Miscellaneous—The Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000), has Kay Kyser and his orchestra.... The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000), presents Tommy Dorsey's orchestra (to be replaced by Jimmy Dorsey on Jan. 11).... The Essex Casino, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300), has Nat Brandwynne's orchestra.... The St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800), features Basil Fomeen's music.... Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200).... You'll find Artie Shaw and his band in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500).... Zez Confrey and his orchestra play for dinner dancing in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AS 4-4000), and for supper on Sat. only.... The Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700), offers Vic Piemonte's orchestra and magic by Dell O'Dell.... Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-9800), has Charlie Murray's music, Virginia Uppercu, and the Royal Lukawella Hawaiians.... Sammy Kaye and his orchestra play in the Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000).... Joe Venuti leads the orchestra at the Glass Hat, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200).... Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55 (PL 3-8565), has music by Al Evans' orchestra.

Some places where you'll find swing music are: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WI 2-3619), with the Merry Macs, Jack Jenney, and Dr. Sausage; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and Adele Gerard; the Yacht Club, 150 W. 52 (CO 5-9811), with Fats Waller; the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543), with Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey, and John Kirby's band; and Nick's, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), with Bobby Hackett, Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, and others.

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Broadway Atmosphere (and you know what *that* means)—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CH 4-2244), has reopened with a lavish new show.... Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (CO 5-7070), features Lupe Velez, Dr. Rockwell, Peggy Fears, Paul Haakon, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra.... The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080), has a colorful show and Russ Morgan's band.... Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (EL 5-9858).... N.T.G.'s The Midnight Sun, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50 (CI 5-8530), has Swedish décor and cuisine, Jack Melvin's orchestra, and a floor show.... The Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (CI 6-3930), has one of those big shows and Segar Ellis's orchestra.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), *has Cab Calloway's orchestra and a show featuring* the Nicholas Brothers, W. C. Handy, the Berry Brothers, and others.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment; music by Roy Durant's band. Better go late.

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209), has entertainment by Nellie Paley, Angela Velez, Frank Carter, and Arthur Bowie.... Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

Harlem—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AU 3-9613), has a fast show and Skeets Talbert's band.... You can watch the dancing and hear Don Redman's orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (ED 4-0271).... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TI 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a lively little show.... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); Queen Mary, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (EL 5-9623).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

ART

Americans—Water colors by Demuth, Prendergast, and others, including some contemporaries. The Prendergasts are the standouts: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

Bauhaus—Paintings by Klee, Kandinsky, and the rest of the Bauhaus group, plus sculpture, films, furniture, and so forth, in a big, thoroughgoing, though at times confusingly arranged, exposition of this important movement's aim: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Burchfield—Water colors, some of them rather too *big for their content, but all of them strongly and* capably handled: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

Chagall—Recent paintings, including the interesting big new one, "Between Heaven and Earth": Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 7.

Currier & Ives—Their prints, in a collection almost comprehensive enough to be definitive: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; *through Jan. 31.*

Drawings and Etchings—Small but excellent collection of drawings by Claude Lorrain, Fragonard, Watteau, and others: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

French—Another well-selected group of paintings, mainly of the Paris School, "for the young collector": Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. *to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 12.*

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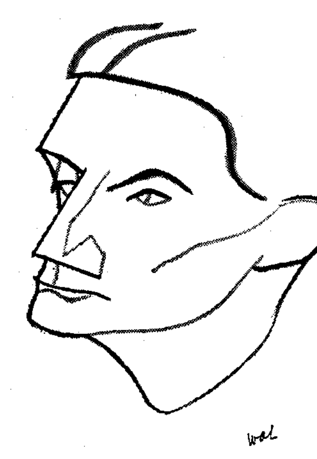


GODFREY D. N. HAGGARD,

the new British Consul General. He's a nephew of H. Rider Haggard, the weird writer, and has seven uncles in the diplomatic service. During his stay in New York, he won't use the middle initials except at small family gatherings. What with the King and Queen coming over to visit the World's Fair, a knighthood is in the bag for Mr. Haggard.

Gurr—Oils, mainly of city-genre subjects, all sympathetically handled: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M; through Jan. 7.

Impressionists—Paintings by most of the masters, including three especially good Pissarros: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Laurens—Excellent show of sculpture, occasionally reminiscent of Picasso, but rhythmic and powerful always: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; *through Jan. 7.*

Nineteenth-Century Americans—Selected paintings by Eakins, Ryder, Homer, etc.: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Pascin and David—Water colors and drawings, in a well-selected show: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Silz—Solid, sensitive, if slightly unexciting, paintings, mainly landscape: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

Smith—Water colors of Eastern Pennsylvania scenes. Interesting: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

Whistler—Lithographs and etchings, in a mixed assortment: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Women Painters and Sculptors—National Association members' show of water colors and black-and-whites. Some good things: Argent, 42 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

WPA—Copious, charmingly colorful show of paintings, sculpture, etc., by child students in WPA free art classes of the city: Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open Mon. through Fri. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; also Thurs. 8 to 11 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Memorial exhibition of the works of Charles Adams Platt: American Academy of Arts and Letters, 633 W. 155. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.... Photographs by Richard Wurts, "Building the New York World's Fair": Museum of the City of N.Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 9.... Folk Arts from the Hawaiian Islands: Folk Arts Center, 673 5 Ave. (entrance on E. 53). Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.... Memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Durr Freedley: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Jan. 21.... Paintings by Jules Halfant: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 16.... Early paintings by modern French masters: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.... Exhibition of works by students: American Artists, 131 W. 14. Open Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. 9:30 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Jan. 22.... Oils by Leslie Powell: Morgan, 37 W. 57; through Jan. 18.... Works in costume design, advertising illustration, etc., by students of the N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57; through Jan. 9.... Paintings by Frank London: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Jan. 14.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Marian Anderson—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 6.

Frieda Hempel—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 6.

Trio of New York—Friedberg, Karpilowsky, and Salmond. Last of five concerts: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 7.

Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 8.

New Friends of Music—Budapest String Quartet and Emanuel Feuermann: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 8, at 5:30.

Alfred Du Bois and Marcel Maas—Concluding their violin-and-piano-sonata series: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 8.

Efrem Zimbalist—Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92, Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, at 9.

Joseph Szigeti—Assisted by Benny Goodman: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 9.

Musical Art Quartet—Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:45.

Carol Moorland—Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Jan. 10.

Rudolf Serkin—Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 10.

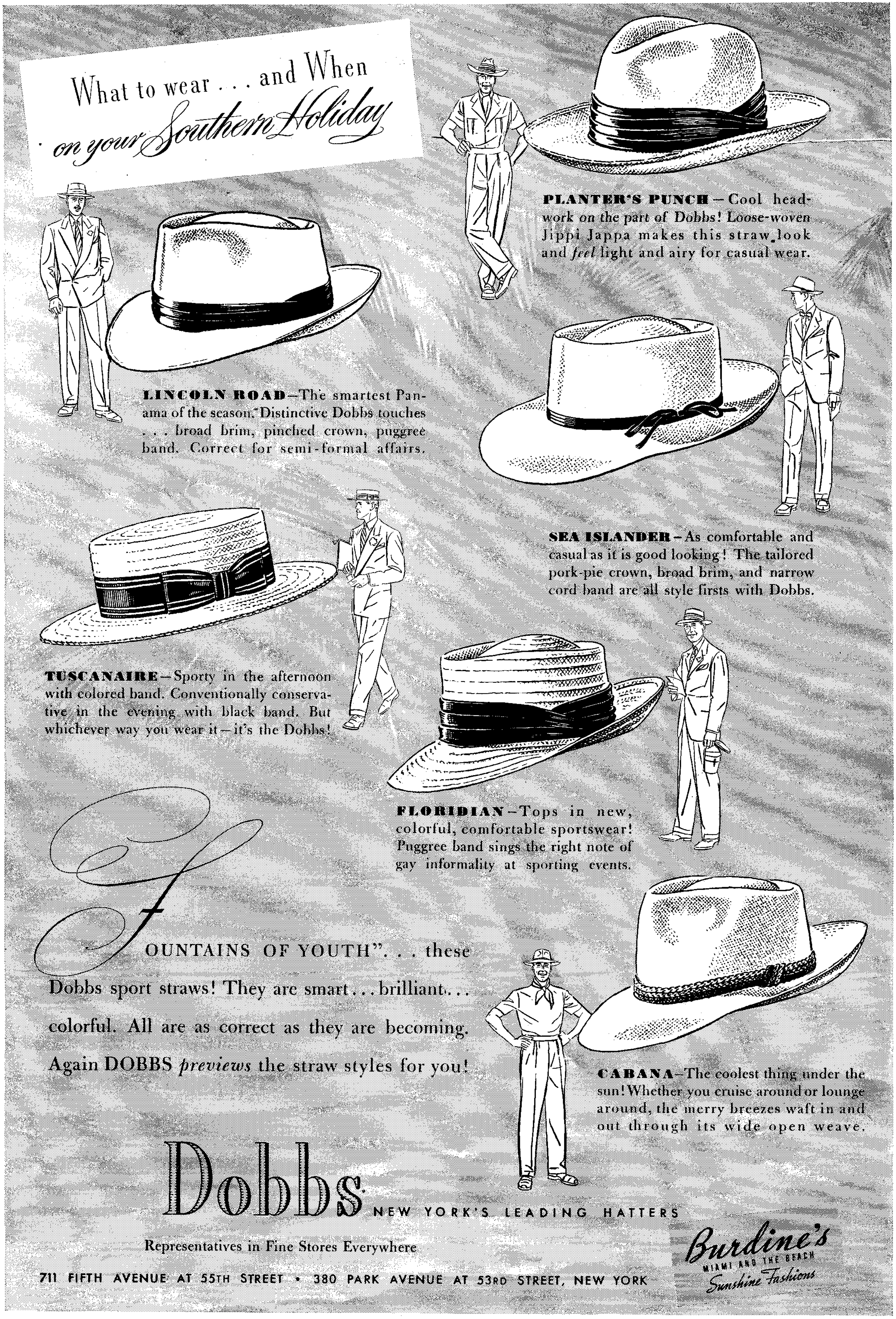
Gertrude Pitzinger—Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 10.

Rosalyn Tureck—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:45; Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:30; Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 7, at 2:30.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 8, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 13,



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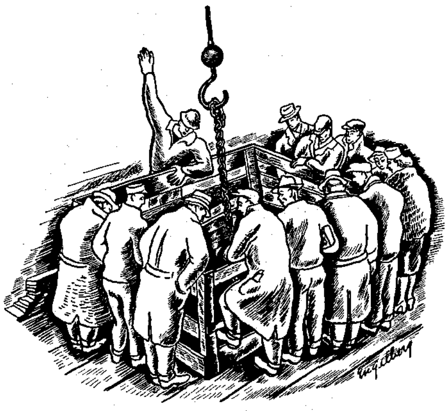

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.]

at 2:30. Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Jan. 14, at 11. (Soloists: Bustabo, Jan. 7-8; Schelling, Jan. 12-13.)

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art., Sat. Eves., Jan. 7 and 14, at 8.

JOSEF AND ROSINA LHEVINNE—Assisted by the Juilliard School Orchestra, Hutcheson and Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 14, at *2:30.*

NEW YORK BANKS GLEE CLUB—Huhn conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 14.

WPA—At the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—Concerto Series, Greenwich Orchestra and soloists, Plotnikoff conducting: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:45. . . . Beethoven Series, Federal Symphony, *Fiedler conducting: Sun. Aft., Jan. 8, at 1:30. . . .* New York Civic Orchestra and soloists, Bamboschek conducting: Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:45. . . . Greenwich Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 12, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—*"Don Giovanni,"* Thurs. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:15; "Tristan und Isolde," benefit for the Free Milk Fund, Fri. Aft., Jan. 6, at 1:45; "Aïda," Fri. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:15; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Aft., Jan. 7, at 2; "Falstaff," Sat. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:30. From Tues., Jan. 10: not announced. (PE 6-1210.)

HIPPODROME—"Aïda," Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:15.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden, 8:15 P.M.: N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan, and St. John's vs. City College, Sat., Jan. 7; Long Island vs. Marquette, and St. John's vs. St. Joseph's, Wed., Jan. 11.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 5; Rangers vs. Americans, Sun., Jan. 8; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues., Jan. 10; Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 12. . . . Amateur games: Sun., Jan. 8, at 2 P.M.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, 8:30 P.M.: Low-goal play, teams not announced. At 9:30 P.M.: Governor's Island vs. Ridgewood, Sat., Jan. 7; New York Athletic Club vs. Governor's Island, Sat., Jan. 14.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, 8:30 P.M.: Low-goal play, teams not announced. At 9:30 P.M.: Winged Foot vs. Pegasus, Sat., Jan. 7; Squadron A vs. Pegasus, Sat., Jan. 14.

JAI ALAI—At the Hippodrome: Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46: Opening Fri., Jan. 6, at 7 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

DOG SHOW—American Spaniel Club: Hotel Roosevelt, Sun., Dec. 8, 1 to 7 P.M.; Mon., Dec. 9, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for January at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Stars of the Winter Night." Weekdays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—The William Randolph Hearst Col*lection: paintings, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:15;* early English silver and furniture, French furniture, Delft and Chinese porcelains, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 6-7, at 2; books, manuscripts, autograph letters, and other properties, Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 11-12, at 8:15. . . . Japanese lacquer, gold and ivory ornaments, Chinese porcelains, snuff bottles, jades, and Cambodian stone sculptures, from the collections of Dwight C. Harris and other owners, Fri. Aft., Jan. 13, at 2. . . . Early American furniture and decorations, the property of Miss Ella Parsons, Mrs. Sidney B. Wood, Jr., and other owners, Sat. Aft., Jan. 14, at 2.

At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Kipling library of A. Dorian Otvos and the library of Carl A. Baumann: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2. . . . American, English, and Continental furniture and decorations, Oriental rugs, fine miniatures, jewelry, and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century watches, from the estate of the late Louise de Ruyter Campbell and the collections of Baroness Nikolas Korff, Alice Kneeland Munroe, *and other owners, Sat. Aft., Jan. 7, at 2.*

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Der Rosenkavalier," with Lotte Lehmann, Emanuel List, Risé Stevens, and Friedrich Schorr: Sat. Aft., Jan. 7, at 1:55, WEAF.

GEORGES ENESCO—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Jan. 8, at 9, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. "Good News of 1939," 9, WEAF. "Music and Ballet," 9, WQXR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. Columbia Workshop, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Burns and Allen, 8:30, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, pianists, 9, WQXR. Orson Welles' Campbell Playhouse, 9, WABC.

SATURDAY—Fred Waring, 8:30, WEAF. Your Hit Parade, 10, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ.

SUNDAY—Dr. Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. Music Hall Hour, 12 *noon,* WJZ. WPA Concert, 1:30, WNYC. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions, 5, WJZ. Ben Bernie, 5:30, WABC. Silver Theatre, 6, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Bach Cantata Series, Wallenstein directing, 7, WOR. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. "This is New York," 8, WABC. Robert Benchley, 10, WABC.

MONDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Lux Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Eddy Duchin, 9:30, WEAF. WOR Symphony, DeLamarter conducting, 9:30, WOR. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Clifton Fadiman, 8:30, WJZ. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Star Theatre, 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and the "Dead End" boys in a drama of that phase of life they so ably represent. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 11-12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Thurs., Jan. 12.)

BALLERINA—Ballet people, but the grim side of their lives for the most part. French, with Chauvire, Slavenska, and Janine Charrat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; daily at 12 noon, 1:40, 3:20, 5, 6:40, 8:20, and 10 P.M.; also Sat. at 12 P.M.)

THE BEACHCOMBER—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester *in a* Somerset *Maugham* story *of the* missionary and the wicked remittance man. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE CITADEL—Of the medical profession in England, and a solemn business. From the novel, of course, and with Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Jan. 5. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 5-8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 10-12.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—About an heiress who marries a cowhand. Just easygoing comedy and no difficult problems. Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon are involved. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 5-11.)

THE DAWN PATROL—A notable revision of the old war film. Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, and David Niven all under fire. (Strand, *B'way at 47;* Thurs., Jan. 5.)

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—A French film of the airy and tender species. Something quiet, and unusual, too. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; daily at 12:35, 2:35, 4:40, 6:40, 8:30, and 10:20 P.M.)

GRAND ILLUSION—An impressive French film of some incidents in the last war. Eric von Stroheim is perhaps the best-known of the actors. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:54, 4:48, 6:32, 8:26, and 10:20 P.M.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—Charming old Vienna and Herr Strauss's "Blue Danube." With Luise Rainer, *Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus. (Loew's 86th* Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9.)

THE LADY VANISHES—Thrills and mystery in the expert Hitchcock style. With Dame May Whitty and a collection of general talent. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Jan. 13.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON—A lunatic sketch involving murder, the Junior League, Barbara Stanwyck, and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 5-6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; starting Thurs., Jan. 12.)

PYGMALION—The charming, romantic Bernard Shaw movie, with Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. Exceptionally pleasant. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE SISTERS—Family history well done and with considerable excitement. Bette Davis and Errol Flynn are kept busiest. (Normandie, Park Ave. at 53; Thurs., Jan. 5. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 6-7. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9.)

SOUTH RIDING—Yorkshire life and characters, with Edna Best. A pleasant, sensible story, not too strenuous for nervous Americans. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 13-14.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT—Sacha Guitry and a witty French film of a cardsharp and his life. Quite amusing. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

SWEETHEARTS—For those who like big old-fashioned musical shows. With Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Victor Herbert music. (Capitol, B'way at 51; *through* Wed., *Jan.* 11.)

THAT CERTAIN AGE—Young people and their charming ways. With Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper. (Normandie, Park Ave. at 53; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 6-7.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART—Agreeable sketch about some rapscallions and a generous benefactress. With Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Billie Burke, Roland Young, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9. . . . Loew's 42nd, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 6-8.)

ZAZA—That good old trooper of the drama freshened up for Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. It *still has* its moments. (Paramount, B'way at *43;* continuous from 9 A.M.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO (1938)—Central American wild life. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 5-7.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 6-8.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 11-12.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fredric March. *(Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and* Fri., Jan. 5-6.)

TOPPER (1937)—Constance Bennett and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 6-8.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. John Henry Lewis, world's heavyweight championship, Jan. 25, at Madison Square Garden.

DANCE RECITALS—Argentinita, Carnegie Hall, Jan. 16.

ICE SKATING REVUE—Sonja Henie *and her Hollywood* company: Madison Square Garden, Jan. 16-21.

MUSIC—Orchestras at Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Jan. 15 (Aft.), 19, 20 (Aft.), and 22 (Aft.); Enesco conducting, Jan. 26-29; National Orchestral Association, Barzin conducting, Jan. 23; Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, and Apr. 26. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Feb. 8, 10, and 11 (Aft.); March 9, 11 (Aft.), and 30; and April 1 (Aft.). . . . Recitals at Carnegie Hall: Jussi Bjoerling, Jan. 17; Yehudi Menuhin, Jan. 18; Mischa Elman, Jan. 21 (Aft.); Gladys Swarthout, Jan. 21; Efrem Zimbalist, Jan. 30; Alexander Brailowsky, Jan. 31. At Town Hall: Walter Gieseking, Jan. 22; Richard Tauber, Jan. 25; Myra Hess, Jan. 28 (Aft.); Andres Segovia, Jan. 29 (Aft.).

PUBLIC BALLS—At the Waldorf-Astoria: Night in Poland Ball, Jan 20. . . . President's Birthday Ball, Jan. 30.

RACING—Tropical Park, Fla., through Jan. 10; also Mar. 6-April 8. . . . Hialeah Park, Fla., Jan. *11-*March 4. . . . Santa Anita Park, Calif., through Mar. 11.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Set to Music," a Noel Coward revue, starring Beatrice Lillie: Music Box, Jan. 18. . . . "The American Way," a play by Kaufman and Hart, with Florence Eldridge and Fredric March: Center, Jan. 21. . . . "Henry IV," Maurice Evans' production: St. James, Jan. 30. . . . "Stars in Your Eyes," a musical revue, with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante: Winter Garden, Jan. 30.

CONTENTS NOTED

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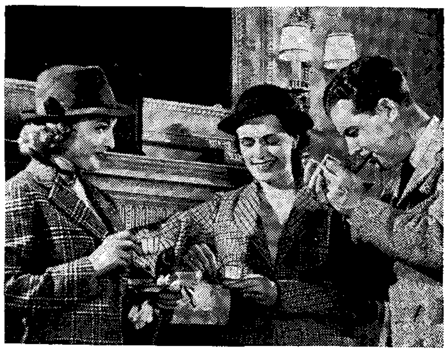

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Coming Attractions

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**"Pygmalion,"** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Jan. 11: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CI 6-8600)—From Thurs., Jan. 5: "I Stand Accused," Robert Cummings, Helen Mack.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**"The Lady Vanishes,"** Paul Lukas, Margaret Lockwood.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—**"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—From Thurs., Jan. 5: "There's That Woman Again," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Mon., Jan. 9: "Renegade Ranger," George O'Brien; also "Prison Train," Fred Keating. . . . From Tues., Jan. 10: not announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**"The Beachcomber,"** Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Jan. 5: **"The Dawn Patrol,"** Errol Flynn. . . . From Fri., Jan. 6: "Going Places," Dick Powell.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

CAMEO, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"Friends," Soviet film.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—**"The Story of a Cheat,"** French film, Sacha Guitry.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—**"40 Little Mothers,"** French film.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—**"Grand Illusion,"** French film, Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Dita Parlo.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—**"Ballerina,"** French film, Mia Slavenska, Yvette Chauvire, Janine Charat.

WALDORF, 116 W. 50 (CI 7-6431)—Through Fri., Jan. 6: "Forbidden Music," British film, Jimmy Durante, Richard Tauber. . . . From Sat., Jan. 7: not announced.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Through Sun., Jan. 8: "Kreutzer Sonata," French film, Gaby Morlay, Pierre Renoir, Jan Yarvel. . . . From Mon., Jan. 9: not announced.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 5-7: **"The Adventures of Chico,"** revival, Mexican film; also "Mademoiselle Mozart," revival, French film, Danielle Darrieux. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 8-10: "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . From Wed., Jan. 11: "Hard to Get," Dick Powell, Olivia De Havilland, Charles Winninger; also **"Mary of Scotland,"** revival, Katharine Hepburn.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Jan. 5: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 6-8: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 9-10: "The Last Warning," Preston Foster; also "Orphans of the Street," Robert Livingston. . . . From Wed., Jan. 11: **"Angels with Dirty Faces,"** James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Comet Over Broadway," Kay Francis.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Adventure in Sahara," Paul Kelly; also "Cipher Bureau," Leon Ames, Joan Woodbury.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 5-6: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland.

NORMANDIE, Park Ave. at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Jan. 5: **"The Sisters,"** Errol Flynn, Bette Davis. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 6-7: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 8-10: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey. . . . From Wed., Jan. 11: "If I Were King," Ronald Colman, Frances Dee.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 5-6: **"Nothing Sacred,"** revival, Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "There's Always Tomorrow," revival, Robert Taylor. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9: **"The Sisters,"** Errol Flynn, Bette Davis; also "Dark Rapture," the Denis-Roosevelt African film. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Merrily We Live," revival, Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne; also "The Good Fairy," revival, Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., Jan. 6: "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn. . . . From Tues., Jan. 10: not announced.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 5-6: "There Goes My Heart," Virginia Bruce, Fredric March. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9: "Dark Rapture," the Denis-Roosevelt African film. . . . From Tues., Jan. 10: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Adventure in Sahara," Paul Kelly; also "Cipher Bureau," Leon Ames, Joan Woodbury.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BU 8-9009)—Thurs., Jan. 5: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 6-7: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin; also **"The Sisters,"** Errol Flynn, Bette Davis. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 8-10: "If I Were King," Ronald Colman, Frances Dee; also "Vacation from Love," Denis O'Keefe, Florence Rice. . . . From Wed., Jan. 11: "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland; also "Touchdown, Army," John Howard, Mary Carlisle.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 5-6: **"The Mad Miss Manton,"** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 7-9: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Peg of Old Drury," revival, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Neagle.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 5-7: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus; also "The Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 8-9: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Flirting with Fate," Joe E. Brown; also "Come On, Rangers," Roy Rogers.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "The Last Warning," Preston Foster; also "Orphans of the Street," Robert Livingston.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 5-11: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "The Last Warning," Preston Foster: also "Orphans of the Street," Robert Livingston.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Jan. 5: "Sing You Sinners," Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray; also "White Woman," revival, Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 6-8: **"Topper,"** Constance Bennett, Cary Grant; also **"Captains Courageous,"** Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy. . . . From Mon., Jan. 9: not announced.

RKO 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-2766)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-0960)—Through Sat., Jan. 7: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus; also "The Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 8-9: "Flirting with Fate," Joe E. Brown; co-feature not announced. . . . From Tues., Jan. 10: "Out West with the Hardys," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker; also "Illegal Traffic," J. Carrol Naish, Mary Carlisle.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 5-11: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 5-11: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Gambling Ship," Robert Wilcox, Helen Mack.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Adventure in Sahara," Paul Kelly.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"Angels with Dirty Faces,"** James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Annabel Takes a Tour," Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Comet Over Broadway," Kay Francis; also "Down on the Farm," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 7-4396)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Crashing Through," Adrienne Ames, Craig Reynolds; also "Slander House," Sally Blane, Ray Walker.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 5-11: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Flirting with Fate," Joe E. Brown; also "Come On, Ranger," Roy Rogers.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., Jan. 5: "The Singing Blacksmith," Yiddish picture. . . . From Fri., Jan. 6: "Orage," French film, Charles Boyer.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-0750)—Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 5-8: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Just Around the Corner," Shirley Temple. . . . Mon. through Wed., Jan. 9-11: "While New York Sleeps," Michael Whalen, Jean Rogers; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley.

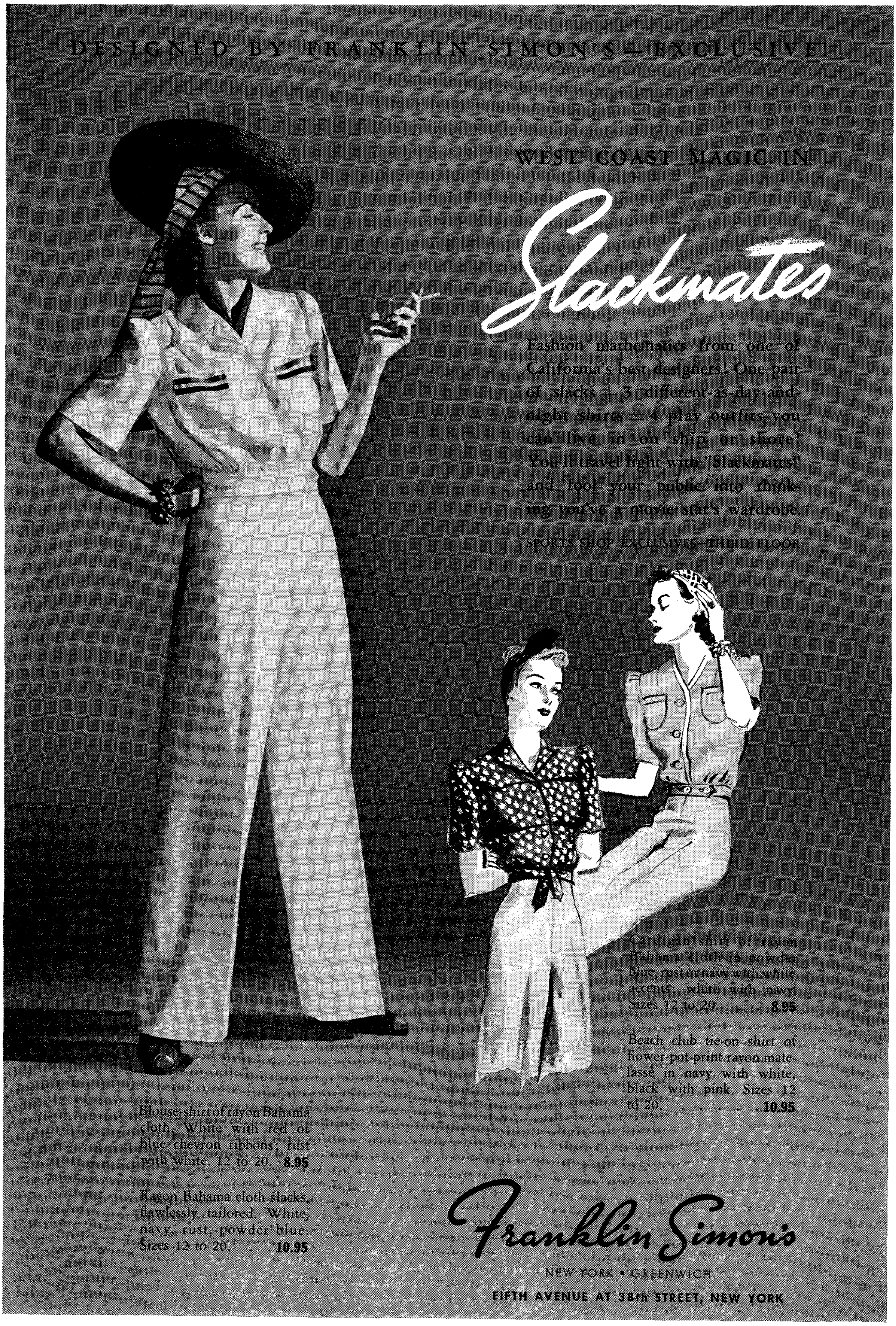
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—From Thurs., Jan. 5: not announced.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher; also "Comet Over Broadway," Kay Francis.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Adventure in Sahara," Paul Kelly; also "Cipher Bureau," Leon Ames, Joan Woodbury.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 5-9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 10-11: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.



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Cardigan shirt of rayon Bahama cloth in powder blue, rust or navy with white accents; white with navy. Sizes 12 to 20. . . . . **8.95**

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Blouse-shirt of rayon Bahama cloth. White with red or blue chevron ribbons; rust with white. 12 to 20. **8.95**

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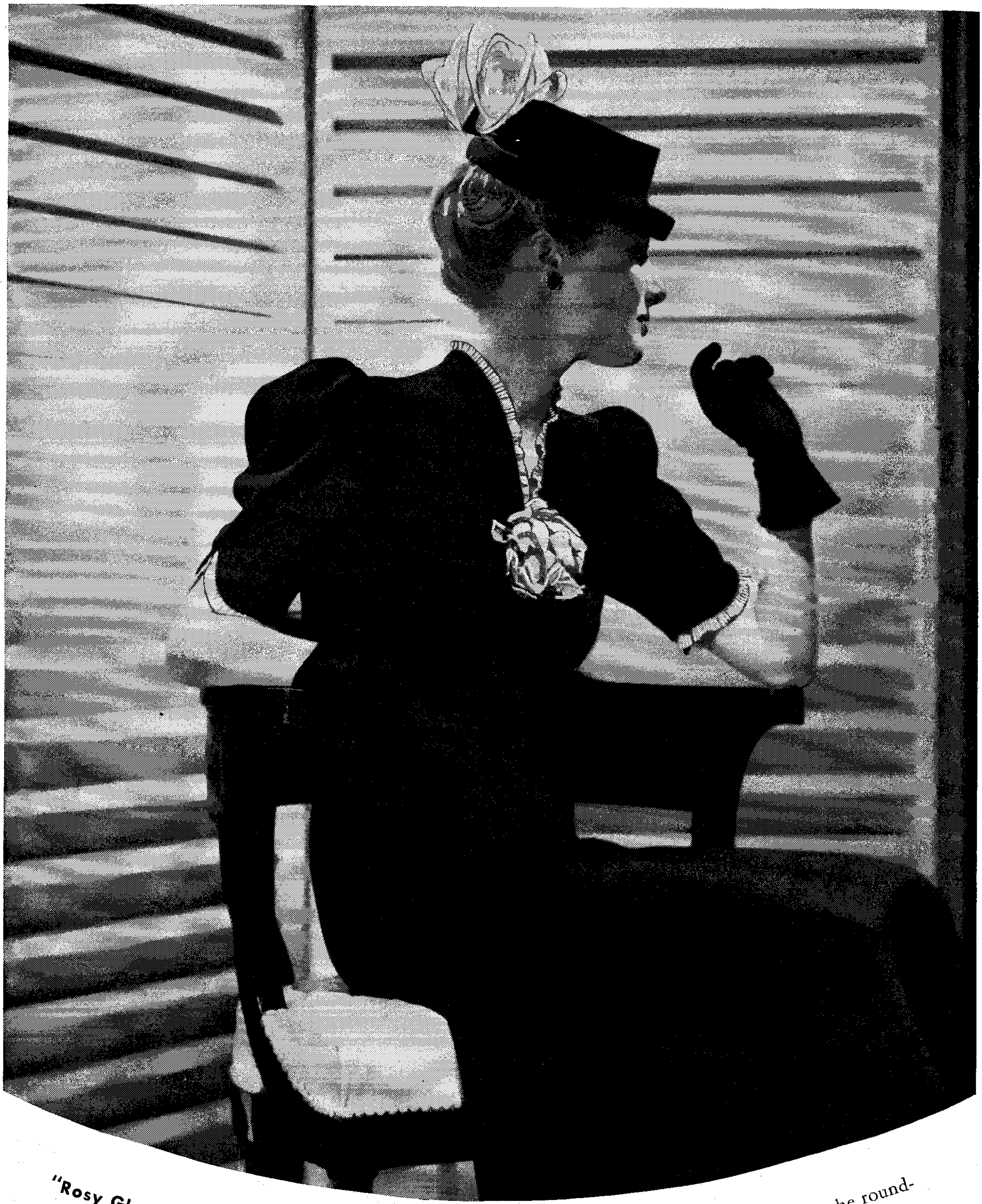

"Rosy Glow" in North American Rayon. Pleated lace at the throat. A sleeve that outlines the roundness of a white arm. Such things linger in the memory. Such things add a fragile feminine note to a slimly-cut dressmaker Exclusive. Black with dusty pink or baby blue handmade lace. Or navy with pink. Underneath, a crisp petticoat to match the dress. The dress fabric—an interestingly surfaced crepe woven with North American Rayon—the Key to Quality. In sizes 10 to 20, 45.00 Misses' Dresses—Sixth Floor

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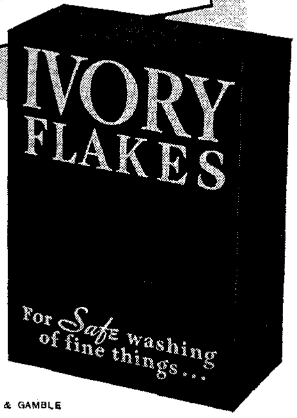

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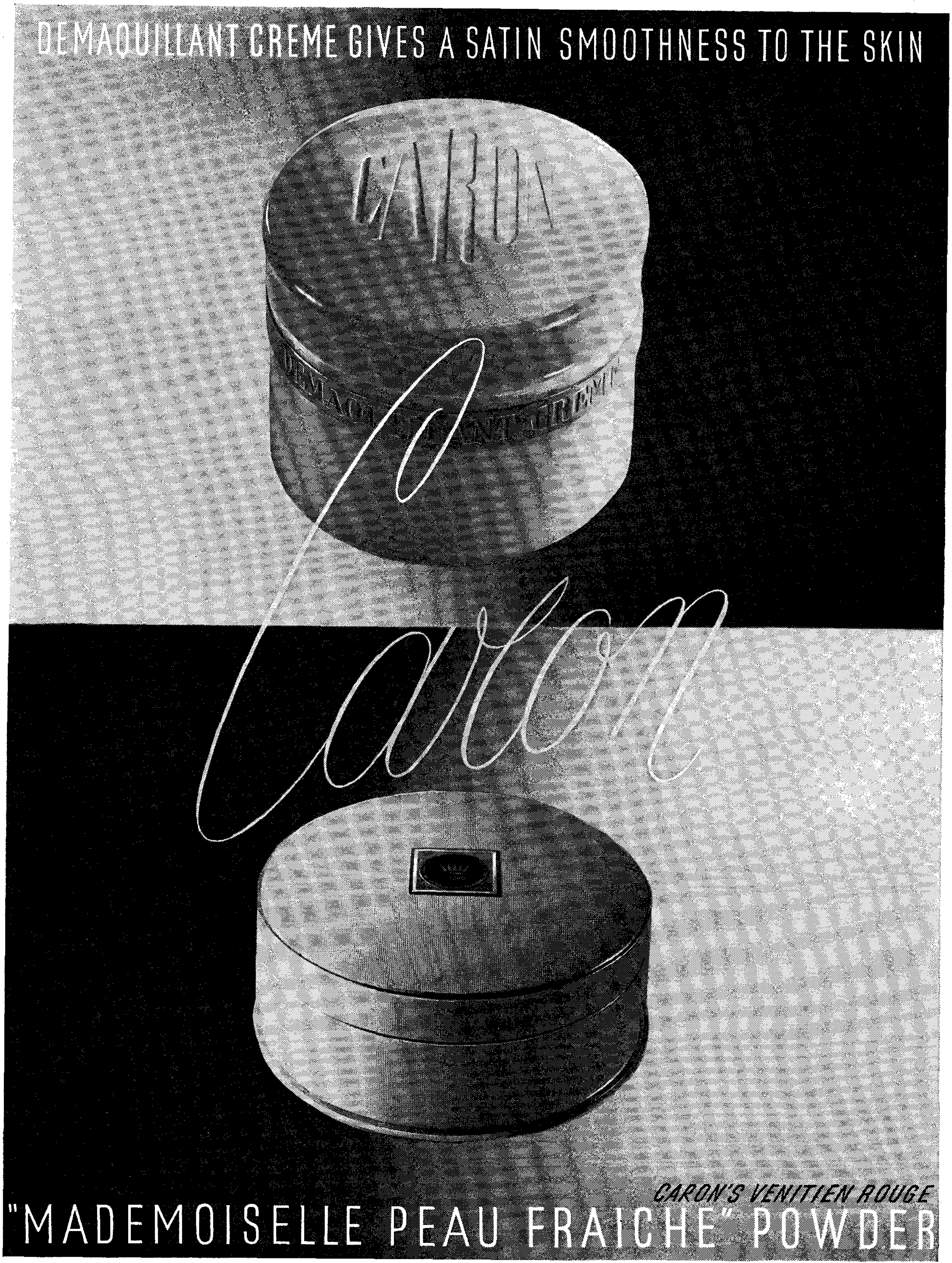
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

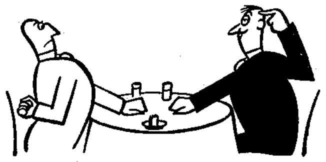
Notes and Comment

FOR years, nine-year-old Dan Frentress, of Portales, New Mexico, laughed at everything he saw, getting a local reputation for being balmy. Checking up, the doctors discovered he had "camera eyes," a condition that makes him see everything upside down and backward, and they despair of ever being able to help him. Our advice to them is to let him alone. We like to think of this child going down the street wrapped up in his private conviction that the world is hilarious. If these paragraphs occasionally lack the antic touch, it is because the world, observed right side up and from left to right, produces something less than mirth. We would like to have Dan's peculiar gift sometime, just long enough to dash off a few little notes explaining what a sidesplitting world it is, and what a merry time.

"WE *love* you," says a Bonwit Teller ad we saw the other day. "We get genuine feminine satisfaction from turning the cold business of selling into a pleasant human relationship." We find this one degree warmer than the attitude of Saks-Thirty-fourth Street (The Friendly Store), two degrees warmer than that of Klein's (On the Square). It is nice to see that Trade is getting interested in us, fine to know that Commerce has begun to care. "Macy is mad about us," we say, twisting our handkerchief. "De Pinna is pining."

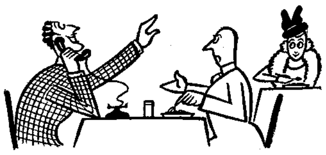
WITH shows being given every year by the Gridiron Club, the Albany correspondents, the City Hall reporters, and other groups of talented journalists throughout the country, it begins to seem as if every newspaperman really wants to be an actor. If you go to the movies much, you will probably also have noticed that almost every actor likes to pretend at one time or another that he is a newspaperman. Things, in fact, have reached a point where the line of demarcation tends to blur in the lay mind. The other night, when we met a handsome sprig from the *Times*, our first impulse was to ask him whether he was a juvenile or a straight man.

IN the taverns and deadfalls around the town, they play something called The Match Game. The principle is simple enough: you can hold in your closed hand anything from none to three matches and so can your opponent; all you have to do is guess the combined total. It is a dull game and from a mathematical point of view it would just annoy the professional gambler. It has the sole advantage of requiring only cheap and available equipment. By psychological standards, however, surveyed by those who conduct surveys, a study of it might be rewarding, because drunken men almost always win. Sober and thoughtful people, confronted with all the permutations between nothing and six and vexed by the eternal riddle of free choice, consider many things: the number of matches their adversary held last time, the likelihood of repetition, the advantages of outrageous surprise as compared with sane and orderly attack. The drunkard, on the other hand, incapable of remembering what happened five minutes ago and scornful of the consequences of anything he does (or else why would he be drunk?), just says any number that happens to come into his head. He is usually right. This demonstrates that God is on the side of the idiot and the savage and against natural selection. It is probably immoral; certainly it would dismay Charles Darwin.



IT'S been a long time since we've eaten a piece of fruit that hasn't been defaced by vandals. Usually they use purple ink. Before us as we sat at breakfast this morning was a bowl of mixed fruit; all of it had been scribbled on. The oranges said SUNKIST. The grapefruit said INDIAN RIVER. The bananas said MELORIPE. This desecrated fruit is bad enough for an ordinary consumer, but we should think it would be worse for artists, who depend on fruit for their still-life paintings. We suspect that artists have just been winking at the real nature of fruit. In addition to being scribbled on, many oranges these days are dipped in a colored bath, on the piquant theory that they can be dyed to look more like an orange than an orange itself.

WE had lunch with an actor last Wednesday and it was one of the most unsettling experiences we can remember. What telephoning went on, a new handset brought to the table almost before he'd finished with the old one, what tender messages written on scraps of paper and carried by the waiter to beautiful women eating mixed green salads, what waves and bows and little visits round the room. It was like trying to talk to a man in a high wind.



"What's the matter with you?" we asked him finally. "What's the idea of all the *élan*?"

He smiled at Mrs. Tiffany Saportas and threw a kiss to Mrs. Jules Brulatour, who was wearing her Balencia-

"I had the most marvellous dream last night, all in Technicolor."

• •

ga black crêpe and the skins of several small animals.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured vaguely. "What did you say?"

"Never mind," we replied, "the hell with it," and pushing our *baba au rhum* in his lap, we went up to Central Park to look at the bears.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Carnation Milk Company now has a radio program on WEAF. The signature song, sentimentally rendered by a tenor, starts, "Contented—you have me and I have you."

The Roart Company, makers of pastry cylinders for cocktail canapés, have brought out a new size, "for the smaller mouth."

The toll collectors on the Henry Hudson Parkway thank every driver for his dime. The collectors on the George Washington Bridge receive your fifty cents in stony silence.

Sign over a tinsmith's shop in Washington, D. C.: "Oscar T. Poore—Guttering and Spouting."

At the Bauhaus exhibit of modern art, which includes examples of the new treatment of wall-painting, the management considered it wise to post near a large, interesting crack in the plaster this notice: "This Crack Is Not Part of the Installation, But Is Caused by Explosions Next Door."

Motion on the Avenue

OUR first chore for the new year was investigating the problem of conservatism vs. sensationalism in Fifth Avenue window displays. You may remember that Lord & Taylor got into the newspapers two months ago when the Fifth Avenue Association publicly bawled them out for staging a realistic blizzard in their windows. Mr. Elles Derby of the Association told us that the no-motion-in-windows policy was adopted in 1924. The purpose, of course, is to prevent gaudy electric signs, parades of live models such as you can see on Fourteenth Street, or even, God forbid, electric buzzers of the sort that attracts you to the windows of joke shops.

The Association consists of a thousand-odd merchants—all but a dozen or so small shops—who do business on the Avenue. They vote on their rules, of which they have many, and usually abide by them. Three inspectors patrol the sidewalks, looking for violations. However, the Association can't do anything to the offending store; just tries "moral suasion," Mr. Derby told us. They tried moral suasion on Lord & Taylor, and the only thing that happened was another lawless window display—the Christmas bells. This was a double violation, sound being forbidden as well as motion. Lord & Taylor is really the *enfant terrible* of the Avenue, we learned. Last February they had eight windows devoted to displays featuring different kinds of perfume; above the windows were atomizers spraying scent on the passers-by. You can imagine what the Association thought about *that.*

Most of the crack window-dressers are employed on the Avenue, and they chafe under the restrictions. Once Jaeckel had a tiny electric signboard, like Douglas Leigh's Wilson's Whiskey on Broadway, advertising their winter fur sale; it was cute, but the Association persuaded them to take it out. Helena Rubinstein celebrated the opening of her new quarters by displaying live models framed head and shoulders in reproductions of old masters; said it was Art, and she wouldn't stop for anybody. The big blue fountain on the second floor at Dorothy Gray's was expensive to install; Dorothy has promised to take it out as soon as it has paid for itself in advertising, whenever that may be. Marcus has several times installed windows showing model stage sets, with rising curtains; the Association keeps asking them not to do it again. But it was thumbs down on Dorothy Gray's idea of creating a rainstorm with BB shot, Bergdorf's dream of having cobblers make shoes in their windows, and the project of another shoeshop, which involved girls in period costume putting on and taking off pretty little boots.

Now that sight, sound, and smell have been used to attract attention, we asked a decorator we know about the possibility of appealing to the other two senses, taste and touch. "Well, not taste," he told us; then, suddenly inspired, he cried, "But I can certainly understand that some rich fabric could be projected to advantage through a slot in the glass." We shall see.

Little Mixup

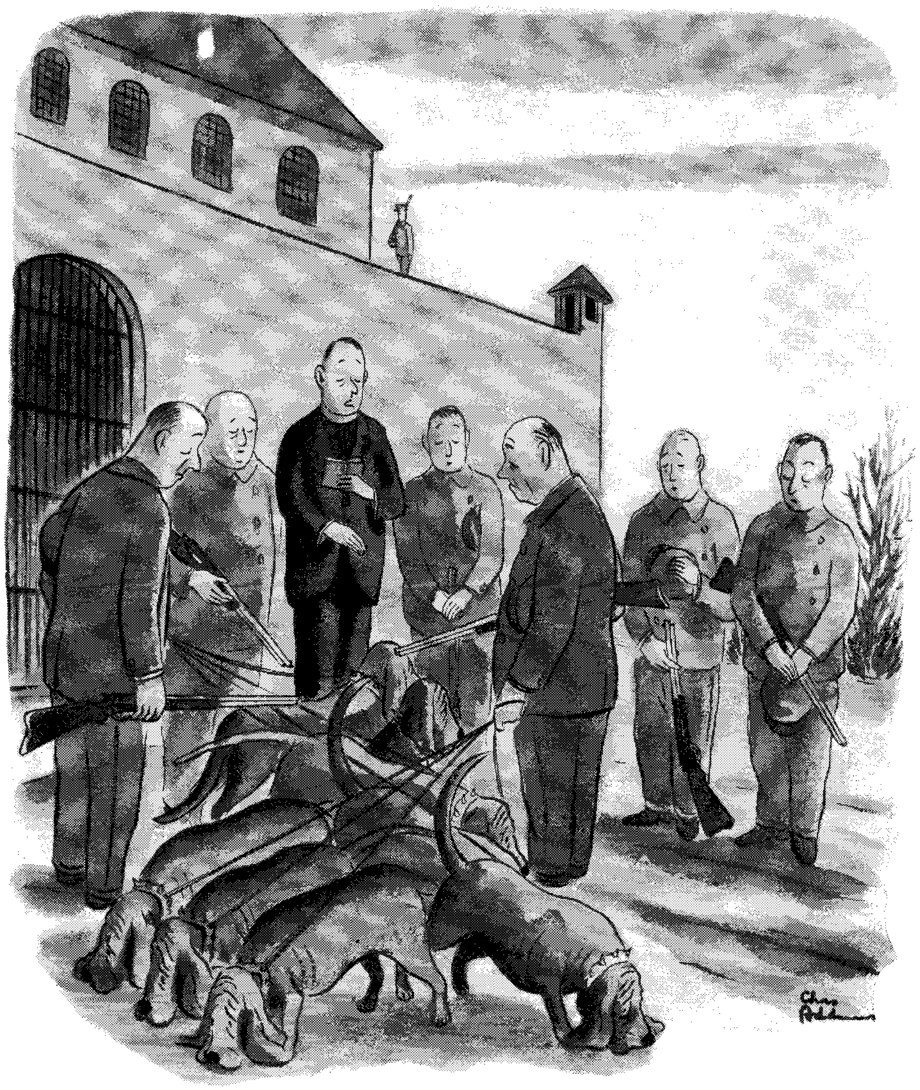
AS strange a tale as ever we heard is the one about a girl we will call Miss Johnson and a company we will call the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. It started with this Miss Johnson deciding she wanted a new tray for the broiler part of her gas oven. She notified the Edison Company by letter, specifying the size of the tray and asking them to send it around at their earliest convenience. They replied that they would be glad to send one of their men to make the installation if she would let them know when she'd be at home, because it was dangerous for laymen to tinker with gas ovens. Miss Johnson is a busy girl with a job, but she finally fixed an appointment for one o'clock the next Saturday. At about one-ten there was a great fuss outside—sirens, bells, shouts—and the next thing she knew people were beating on her apartment door. When she opened it, in came a couple of cops, a uniformed Edison Company man, and a hospital interne with an oxygen tank. "Whereza guy?" they shouted at her. "Whereza guy tried to commit suicide?" It took her a long time to convince them that she wasn't harboring a suicide somewhere in her room-and-kitchenette, and when they went away they went away muttering. All was quiet for an hour, and then a solitary Edison Company man showed up. "You order a tray for your gas oven?" he said. "I got it here." Miss Johnson admitted him and he proceeded to slide the tray into the oven. "I would of been here at one o'clock only some dope put down the wrong address for me," he told her. "Good thing, too, because when I got to that place there was a guy trying to commit suicide by sticking his head in the gas oven. He'll be O.K., though," the fellow concluded cheerily. "I opened all the windows and sent for the doc around the corner, and the guy's going to be O.K."

Brujo

WHEN Richard C. Gill returned from a seven months' expedition into the jungles of Ecuador the other day, some of the papers reported that he'd brought back a drug that would prevent baldness. We went over to the Hotel Shelton, where he and his wife were staying before departing for Washington, and found him to be a tall, tweedy man with a fine head of hair, graying at the temples. He said right off that he wasn't sure the tonsorial drug, *avelina rosada* in Spanish but nameless as yet in English, was a cure for anything. All he knows is that certain Indians who brew it from roots and shampoo their heads with it have luxurious hair and that certain other Indians who don't brew it become bald and gray. This is significant but not conclusive. Mr. Gill has had several offers from hair-tonic people but has refused them all; his interest in the drug is scientific.

Mr. Gill, Cornell '25, and for a time an English teacher at Lafayette, first visited South America twenty years ago. Deciding that Ecuador was the most pleasant country there, in 1929 he bought 750 acres on the eastern slopes of the Andes, right at the edge of the jungle, and started a dude ranch—the only one in South America. It hasn't been open to guests for a couple of years, but before that he was host to all sorts of world travellers: three schoolteachers from Brooklyn, writers picking up material and color, a bank robber from Philadelphia and a murderer from Texas (passing through hastily on their way to the jungle), and Donald Oenslager, who on his return to this country designed the tropical settings for the Met's production of "Salomé" in 1934. Mr. Gill himself has written two books and many magazine articles, and has made more expeditions, using the ranch as a base, than he can remember. The last one was to get drugs; he found seventy, including the one that interests him most—*curare*, the brown, gummy substance, extracted from vines, which the Indians use to poison arrows. It's interesting to scientists because it has a relaxing effect. If administered in small enough doses—say, about one-four-hundredth of a grain—it may prove helpful in treating hydrophobia, tetanus, and other afflictions which involve convulsive paralytic symptoms. Mr. Gill's drugs will be analyzed at the New York Botanical Garden, after which he expects to know how much of the Indians' witchcraft is hokum and how much has therapeutic or cosmetic value. He's in on the secrets of the Canelos, a friendly tribe, having shown them some white man's magic: trapping Inti, the sun, and having him shine at night—or, more specifically, turning on a flashlight. In recognition of this feat, they made him a *brujo*, or witch doctor. "I can bubble a pretty good pot of poison now," he told us.

On his last expedition, he was accompanied by his wife and seventy porters and went so far into the jungle that it took twenty days to get out once he'd collected his drugs. For six weeks, moreover, the party was stranded without



food, except such as they could rustle around them, because arrangements for the delivery of supplies broke down when Ecuador and Peru became involved in a border dispute. The most exciting moment came when the trip was all over. Gill was unpacking a case nailed up several weeks before and a hungry bushmaster popped out, as poisonous as *curare*. The explorer grabbed a putter and got the snake with a neat stroke of white man's magic.

Very Good

YOU can believe this or not—we don't care. It seems that a Mr. Farr was vacationing on the Riviera some time ago and was invited to dinner by P. G. Wodehouse. While they were having cocktails, Mr. Wodehouse said apologetically that he was afraid dinner wasn't going to be very good that evening; his butler had run off that morning with Wodehouse's studs and the best silver.

Chimney Sweeps

RECENTLY a couple of islands got into the newspapers, driving our Mr. Stanley frantic with excitement. The islands in question are the Chimney Sweeps, which lie a little way off Orchard Beach (the Bronx's Jones Beach) in Long Island Sound. Deputy Mayor Curran wants to take these islets from their owner by the process of condemnation and use them as a base of operations for municipal fireworks. Stanley hopped right up to City Island, hired a rowboat, and rowed over to the Chimney Sweeps. On the westward island he found two small, unpainted shacks, one of which had evidently been pushed about by the hurricane; on the eastward one stood a single house with green shingled walls. There was nothing else on the Sweeps but rocks: no humans, not even a blade of grass. Back at City Island, Stanley chatted with some old salts who remembered something of the islands' history. Years ago, it seems, wild duck used to congregate out there in great numbers; it wasn't unusual for the local hunters to bag as many as a thousand in a day's shooting. The Chimney Sweeps also figured romantically in the development of the old silent movies. Whenever you saw Pauline, at the end of an installment, dangling perilously from a rocky cliff and about to drop into the sea, the cliff was a Chimney Sweeps rock and the sea was Long Island Sound.

Stanley next called up Deputy Mayor Curran, who said that the present owner had refused to sell and that the city would shortly take the islands, paying about $3,000. Without being asked, he volunteered the opinion that the islands got their curious name because they were "two forlorn little orphan islands." "You think of chimney sweeps as forlorn little orphans," he explained. "That's true," said Stanley. In the office of the Bronx County Registry, his next stop, Stanley found the easterly and westerly islands officially described as being .383 acre and .147 acre in size, respectively. The first owner was a Thomas Pell, who received them by grant in 1666 from the Colonial government. Title ultimately reverted to the State, and in 1893 the State gave them, free, to Henry D. Carey. An Allen Carey sold them to Franz Marquardt in 1914, and in 1920 Marquardt sold them to the Chimney Sweeps Islands Corporation for $4,500. The president of the corporation was listed as Mr. Russell Smith of the Chase National Bank.

Mr. Smith, a mild-mannered man with thinning hair who works in the accounting department, got together with Stanley for a drink after banking hours and told him about the corporation. He and eight friends had bought the islands jointly as a place to go for summer weekends and issued a share of stock apiece. They used to have fine times there, with lots of privacy and excellent swimming and fishing. Once Mr. Smith and three of his friends rescued a party of canoeists caught in a sudden squall, and the Life Saving Benevolent Association gave them gold medals. In recent years the other members all sold out to Mr. Smith, though some of them still go out for weekends. He's naturally worked up about the forthcoming condemnation; says it's unfair and arbitrary, and that, anyway, he probably won't get his money for three or four years. As to the name, he thinks it comes from an unusual English usage of the word "chimney" to mean a current of water between two rocks in the ocean. From that to Chimney Sweeps is only a step.

In a Tearoom

A MAN went into a tearoom in the East Fifties for lunch last Wednesday, figuring that he could at least get scrambled eggs and coffee with no fuss or marshmallow. The eggs were so nice that he decided to take a chance on dessert, too. He found hot mince pie on the menu, so he ordered some. "Hot mince pie?" said the young lady. "Oh, dear, I must have given you yesterday's menu. Tuesday is hot-mince-pie day. Today is rice-pudding-with-gobs-of-whipped-cream day."

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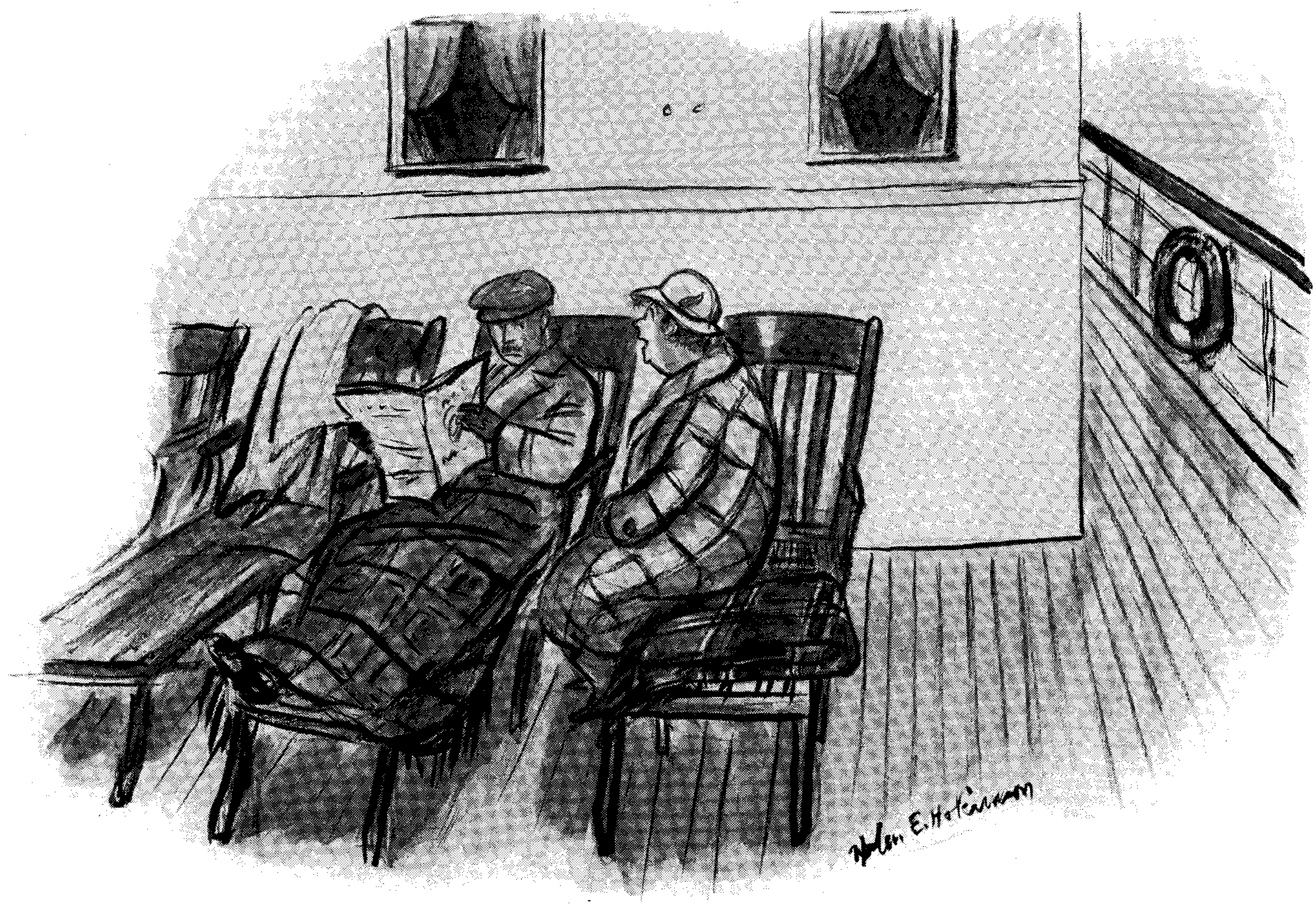
THERE'S an agreeable story about a young German refugee who has found work in one of the department stores here. The other day the store received from a printer a batch of signs, placards, and mailing announcements having to do with the January white sale. It was his duty to check it and record its arrival. He was momentarily puzzled by the dotted line calling for a description of the merchandise received, but after some thought his brow cleared and he wrote, "Signs and propaganda material."

Crossed Paths

FOR the benefit of future chroniclers of the McKesson & Robbins affair, we present the story of Leo Leventritt. His tale begins in 1913, when Philip Musica, dealer in human hair, was languishing in the Tombs without counsel, awaiting trial on the charge of using fraudulent bills of lading in his importing business. He stayed there for two years before pleading guilty and receiving a suspended sentence, and during this time a frequent visitor to his cell was Leventritt, who was the son of Judge David Leventritt of the New York Supreme Court, and a lawyer himself, and had been appointed *amicus curiae*, or friend of the court, in the case. Leventritt was supposed to convince Musica that by revealing the hiding place of some $180,000 worth of missing assets, he'd get off easier. At first Musica was



"The purser was born in Edinburgh. When he was a boy he ran away to sea. He's married and has two children. I happened to run into him on the boat deck."

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polite but stubbornly uninformative. Finally, at the urging of a priest (Musica was then a devout Catholic), he broke down and talked. The lawyer and the prisoner got to know each other pretty well during all this, but after the trial Musica disappeared entirely from Leventritt's ken. The lawyer didn't miss him much; he had already sized him up as a born crook.

Next in the chronicle comes a day in the spring of 1936, over twenty years later. Leventritt had by then retired from his law practice because of ill health and opened a liquor store on Madison Avenue called the Cork & Bottle. Like many other men in the trade, he bought some of his stock from McKesson & Robbins and one day a McKesson salesman asked him to accompany him to his office in New York to meet the president of the firm. It seems that Mr. Coster, checking up on retail outlets, had dropped in at the Cork & Bottle and had been favorably impressed, but had failed to find the proprietor in at the time. Leventritt went to the McKesson office. At the meeting, Coster went into a long, smooth sales talk, but Leventritt didn't listen much. He was thinking hard. After ten minutes he said, "Haven't our paths crossed somewhere before? Your face looks awfully familiar." At this, Mr. Coster looked Mr. Leventritt straight in the eye and said, "I don't remember you. It must be a case of mistaken identity." Leventritt let the matter drop, thereby missing probably as good a chance as anyone had of busting the Coster bubble before the Peace of Munich.

The story skips to a day a few weeks ago when Leventritt was playing bridge and discussing the early reports on the McKesson & Robbins involutions. "It reminds me of the Musica case I worked on before the war," he said, leading a trump. A few days later the Coster-Musica relationship was exposed; Leventritt almost fell out of his chair when he picked up the paper. He was soon able, though, to say "I told you so" to his bridge-playing friends. Thinking the matter over now, he feels that Coster has been in his mind subconsciously since the meeting in 1936. He is sure that at the interview Musica knew who he was. Leventritt hasn't changed much in appearance: he's frequently recognized by people he hasn't seen since he left college (Columbia '06). He's convinced, too, that his failure to identify Musica was caused by more than the mere effects of glasses and gray hair. His conviction is that the master criminal had had a facial operation.

Thoughts of Home

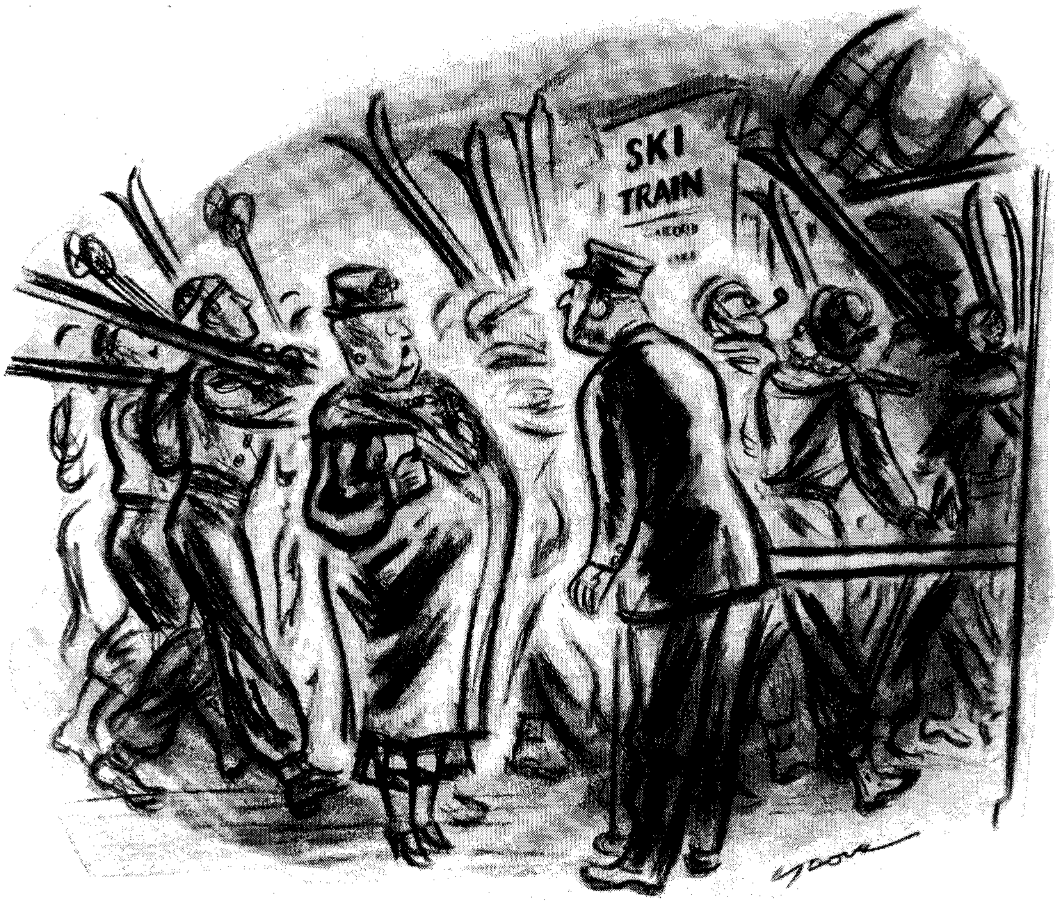
WE know an anxious young mother whose son went away to school for the first time last fall. When he came back for Christmas vacation, she naturally made quite a fuss over him. He seemed somewhat averse to sentimentalism, however, preferring to keep the conversation on such matters as hockey and skiing. Finally his mother reproached him. "I don't believe you've even thought about me since you went away!" she cried. "But I have, Mother," he said, "and always very pleasantly."

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT WAS BRILLIG?

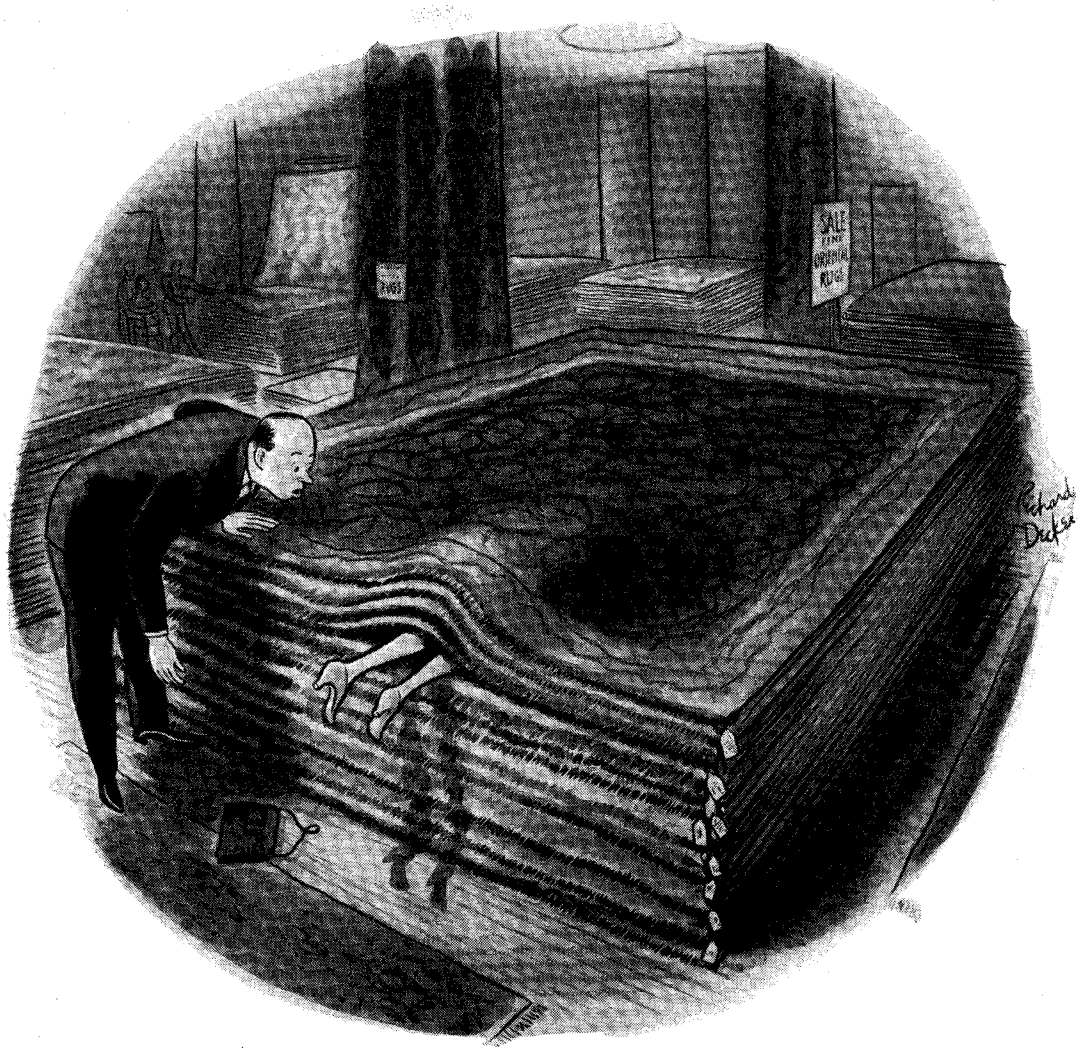
I WAS sitting at my typewriter one afternoon several weeks ago, staring at a piece of blank white paper, when Della walked in. "They are here with the reeves," she said. It did not surprise me that they were. With a colored woman like Della in the house it would not surprise me if they showed up with the toves. In Della's afternoon it is always brillig; she could outgrabe a mome rath on any wabe in the world. Only Lewis Carroll would have understood Della completely. I try hard enough. "Let them wait a minute," I said. I got out the big Century Dictionary and put it on my lap and looked up "reeve." It is an interesting word, like all of Della's words; I found out that there are four kinds of reeves. "Are they here with strings of onions?" I asked. Della said they were not. "Are they here with enclosures or pens for cattle, poultry, or pigs; sheepfolds?" Della said no sir. "Are they here with administrative officers?" From a little nearer the door Della said no again. "Then they've got to be here," I said, "with some females of the common European sandpiper." These scenes of ours take as much out of Della as they do out of me, but she is not a woman to be put down by a crazy man with a dictionary. "They are here with the reeves for the windas," said Della with brave stubbornness. Then, of course, I understood what they were there with: they were there with the Christmas wreaths for the windows. "Oh, *those* reeves!" I said. We were both greatly relieved; we both laughed. Della and I never quite reach the breaking point; we just come close to it.

Della is a New England colored woman with nothing of the South in her accent; she doesn't say "d" for "th" and she pronounces her "r"s. Hearing her talk in the next room, you might not know at first that she was colored. You might not know till she said some such thing as "Do you want cretonnes in the soup tonight?" (She makes wonderful cretonnes for the soup.) I have not found out much about Della's words, but I have learned a great deal about her background. She told me one day that she has three brothers and that one of them works into a garage and another works into an incinerator where they burn the refuge. The one that works into the incinerator has been working into it since the Armitage. That's what Della does to you; she gives you incinerator perfectly and then she comes out with the Armitage. I spent most of an hour one afternoon trying to figure out what was wrong with the Armitage; I thought of Armistead and armature and Armentières, and when I finally hit on Armistice it sounded crazy. It still does. Della's third and youngest brother is my favorite; I think he'll be yours, too, and everybody else's. His name is Arthur and it seems that he has just passed, with commendably high grades, his silver-service eliminations. Della is delighted about that, but she is not half so delighted about it as I am.

DELLA came to our house in Connecticut some months ago, trailing her glory of cloudiness. I can place the date for you approximately: it was while there were still a great many fletchers about. "The lawn is full of fletchers," Della told me one morning, shortly after she arrived, when she brought up my orange juice. "You mean neighbors?" I said. "This early?" By the way she laughed I knew that fletchers weren't people; at least not people of flesh and blood. I got dressed and went downstairs and looked up the word in the indispensable Century. A fletcher, I found, is a man who makes arrows. I decided, but without a great deal of conviction, that there couldn't be any arrow-makers on my lawn at that hour in the morning and at this particular period in history. I walked cautiously out the back door and around to the front of the house—and there they were. I don't know many birds but I do know flickers. A flicker is a bird which, if it were really named fletcher, would be called flicker by all the colored cooks in the United States. Out of a mild curiosity I looked up "flicker" in the dictionary and I discovered that he is a bird of several aliases. When Della brought my toast and coffee into the dining room I told her about this. "Fletchers,"



"Does this train stop at Pelham?"



"Are you being waited on, Madam?"

I said, "are also golden-winged woodpeckers, yellowhammers, and high-holders." For the first time Della gave me the look that I was to recognize later, during the scene about the reeves. I have become very familiar with that look and I believe I know the thoughts that lie behind it. Della was puzzled at first because I work at home instead of in an office, but I think she has it figured out now. This man, she thinks, used to work into an office like anybody else, but he had to be sent to an institution; he got well enough to come home from the institution, but he is still not well enough to go back to the office. I could have avoided all these suspicions, of course, if I had simply come out in the beginning and corrected Della when she got words wrong. Coming at her obliquely with a dictionary only enriches the confusion; but I wouldn't have it any other way. I share with Della a form of escapism that is the most mystic and satisfying flight from actuality I have ever known. It may not always comfort me, but it never ceases to beguile me.

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EVERY Thursday when I drive Della to Waterbury in the car for her day off, I explore the dark depths and the strange recesses of her nomenclature. I found out that she had been married for ten years but was now divorced; that is, her husband went away one day and never came back. When I asked her what he did for a living, she said he worked into a dove-wedding. "Into a what?" I asked. "Into a dove-wedding," said Della. It is one of the words I haven't figured out yet, but I am still working on it. "Where are you from, Mr. Thurl?" she asked me one day. I told her Ohio, and she said, "Ooooh, to be sure!" as if I had given her a clue to my crazy definitions, my insensitivity to the ordinary household nouns, and my ignorance of the commoner migratory birds. "Semantics, Ohio," I said. "Why, there's one of them in Massachusetts, too," said Della. "The one I mean," I told her, "is bigger and more confusing." "I'll bet it is," said Della.

Della told me the other day that she had had only one sister, a beautiful girl who died when she was twenty-one. "That's too bad," I said. "What was the matter?" Della had what was the matter at her tongue's tip. "She got tuberculosis from her teeth," she said, "and it went all through her symptom." I didn't know what to say to that except that my teeth were all right but that my symptom could probably be easily gone all through. "You work too much with your brain," said Della. I knew she was trying to draw me out about my brain and what had happened to it so that I could no longer work into an office, but I changed the subject. There is no doubt that Della is considerably worried about my mental condition. One morning when I didn't get up till noon because I had been writing letters until three o'clock, Della told my wife at breakfast what was the matter with me. "His mind works so fast his body can't keep up with it," she said. This diagnosis has shaken me not a little. I have decided to sleep longer and work less. I know exactly what will happen to me if my mind gets so far ahead of my body that my body can't catch up with it. They will come with a reeve and this time it won't be a red-and-green one for the window, it will be a black one for the door. —JAMES THURBER

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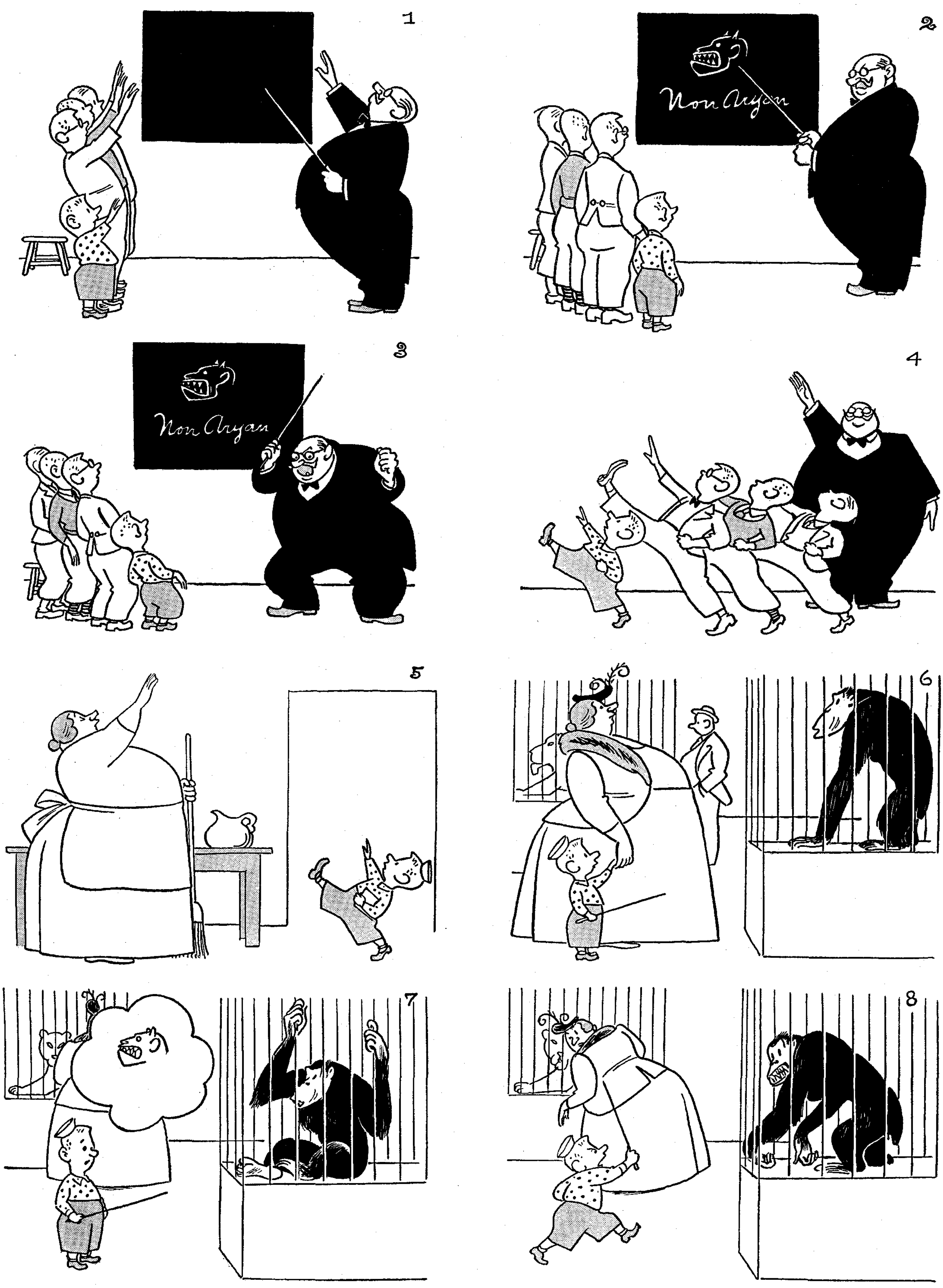
Two of the women were sighted on the wings of their plane. The third was some distance away, where she apparently had parachuted to safety. A thermos bottle, warm clothing, medicine and rubber canoes were dropped. Rescue parties later planned to drop men in parachutes. —*Newark Evening News.*

Come, there's a limit to this pampering of aviatrices!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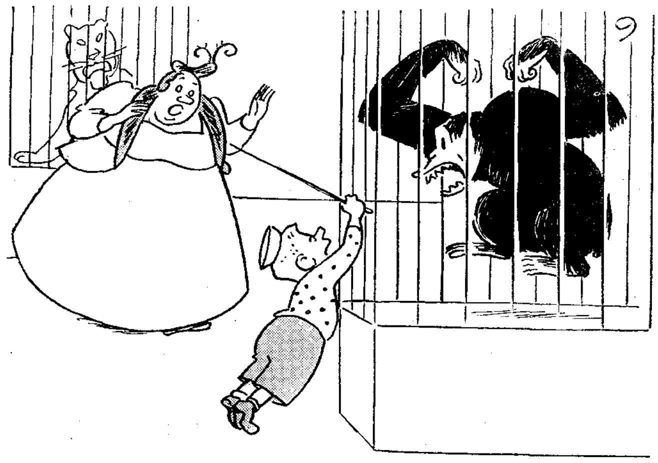
DEATH OF A HERO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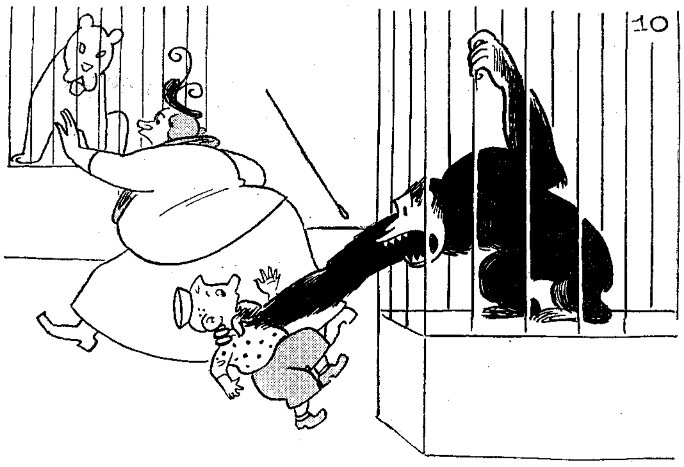
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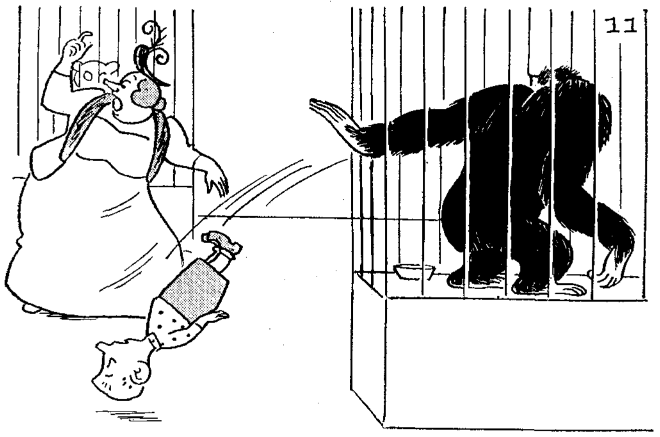
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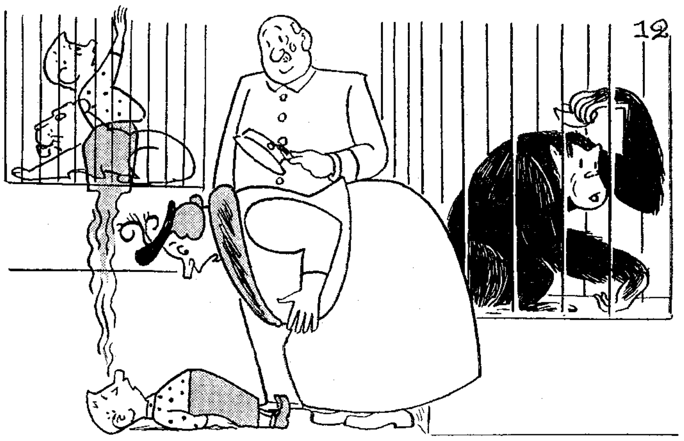
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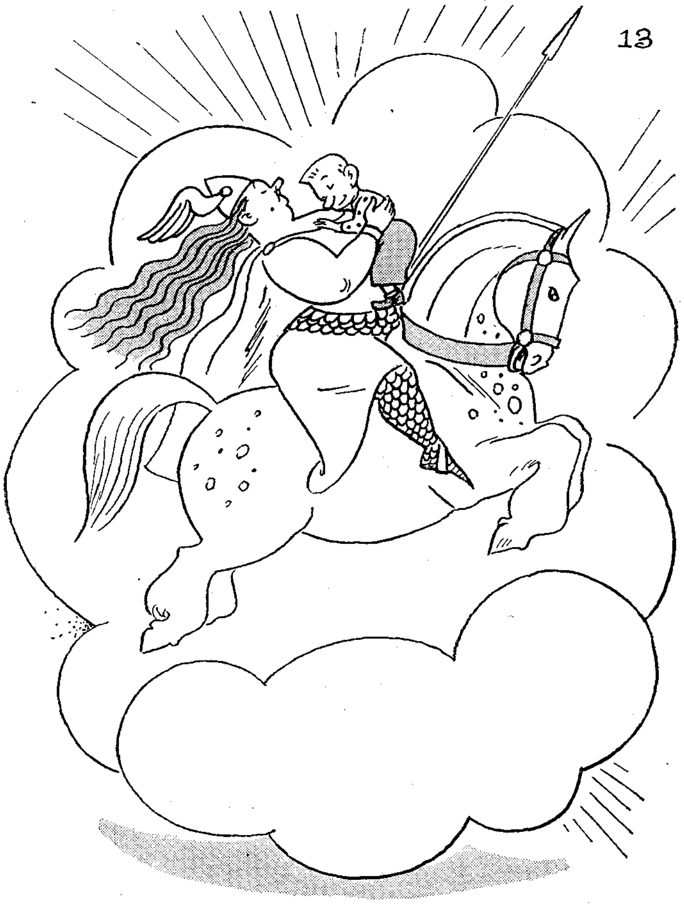
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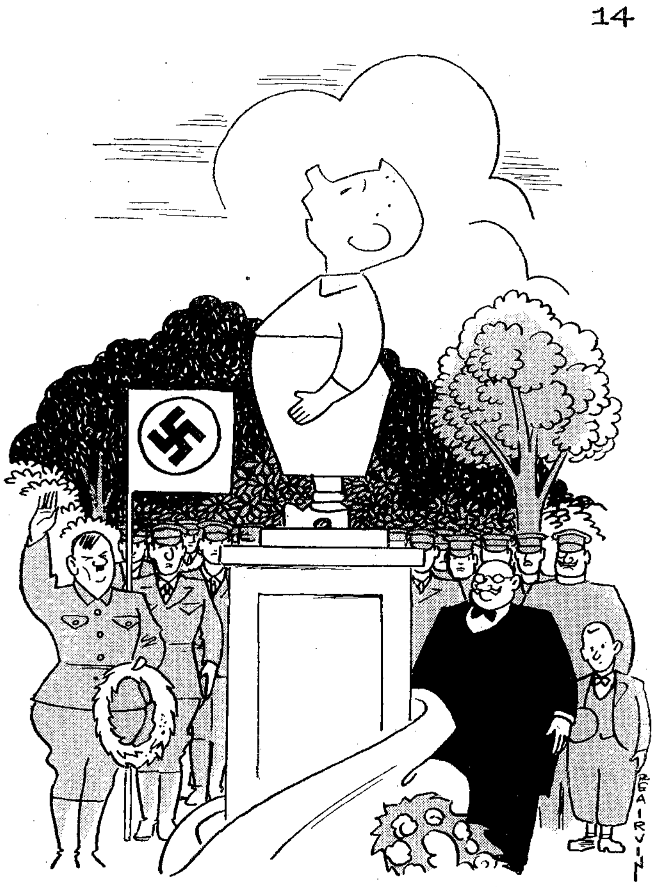
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AUTOGRAPH

THEY had all changed but Johnny Sewell. He stood in the centre of the room looking the same as he had fifteen years ago, his bleached, wiry hair brushed back from his forehead, his blue eyes as clear and untroubled as a child's. As he was much taller than the other men, he seemed more impressive, the way a skyscraper is impressive—not for its fine details or the purity of its line but merely because it is bigger than the buildings which surround it. His voice was high-pitched and flat and had a curious, penetrating tone. When he laughed, he threw his head back, his face grew red, and it seemed as though he would choke. Yet for all this spectacular build-up, his laugh, when it came, had no mirth.

The men watched him, fascinated. It was as though his bigness, his blondness, and his enthusiasm had cast a spell over them; they laughed with him, louder than they normally did, and fished about in their minds for a reminiscence to top one of his. Their anxiety made them look softer and older by contrast.

It had been Russ Bowers who suggested that they should get together for a reunion after fifteen years. He had come on from Denver for a visit and had brought his son, Bink, who was thirteen, with him. The night they arrived, he had called Nick Farnsworth and told him that his principal reason for coming East was to see the old gang. Nick Farnsworth was doubtful. He hadn't heard of most of them for years, he said. But Russ Bowers had assured him that he could find them.

As a matter of fact, he had sort of kept up with them all. And Nick had said that it was a funny thing how you were more apt to keep up with the people you used to know when you lived a couple of thousand miles away. So together they had rounded them up—Hank Holbrook, Don Gates, Poopoo Thompson, and Johnny Sewell. Because they decided to meet at Nick's house and there was a Mrs. Farnsworth, their wives had been invited, too, and Russ Bowers had asked if it would be all right to bring Bink.

"I want him to meet Johnny," he explained. "The kid's been raised on stories about Johnny. Good old Johnny! I wonder if he's changed?"

Yet he felt almost embarrassed, seeing Johnny, to discover how little he had changed. It was disconcerting to have the years roll away so suddenly and to find Johnny looking the same as he had in college.

Johnny, barely pausing in what he was saying, put a huge, careless arm around Bink's thin shoulders and drew him into the circle. When Mrs. Farnsworth placed a small glass of sherry in Bink's hand, Johnny Sewell threw back his head and gave his laugh. "That's right," he said, almost choking. "There's only a few of us left. Am I right, son? Only a few of us left! What did you say the boy's name was, Russ?"

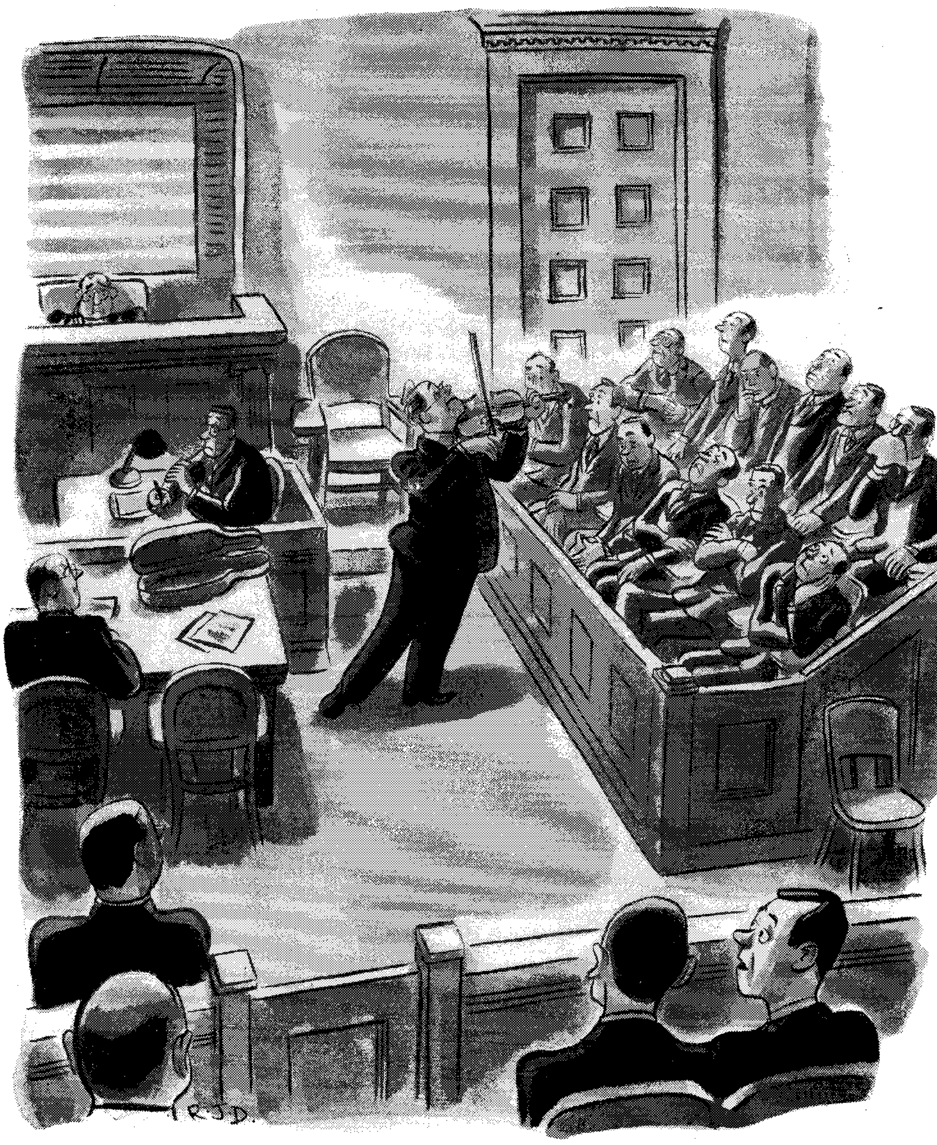
"We call him Bink," Russ Bowers began.

"Going to play football, son? Better get a little meat on your bones and go slow on that drink." He thumped Bink on the back so hard that the sherry nearly spilled. Then he looked down at the boy and winked, shutting out the other people for an instant.

Standing there, taking cautious drinks of his sherry, aware of Johnny Sewell's arm around his shoulders, Bink felt a maturity he had never known before. Talk flowed around him—not the kind of talk he heard at home when his father had men he knew downtown for dinner, but loud, exciting talk about someone who heaved a brick through a plate-glass window and the time they got a little bootlegger named Rosanno tight on his own liquor.

Every now and then Johnny Sewell would look down at Bink and say, "Don't believe a word of this, son. We're making it up."

But Bink was hardly listening. He was thinking that Johnny Sewell had been All-America for two years and that even the coach of his school still spoke of him as the greatest forward-passer of all time. He began to notice the other men, men his father talked about as though they were boys, and found with something like disgust that they looked old. As old as his father.



"He has more tricks up his sleeve than any other lawyer in the business."

He saw them coldly and impersonally; Nick Farnsworth was getting bald, Poopoo Thompson was fat, Hank Holbrook and Don Gates tried to act too young. He saw his own father clearly for the first time in his life as a pleasant-faced, plump little man who wore glasses. He glanced up at Johnny Sewell and felt reassured. He was young, as young as Bink had imagined he would be. He even dressed young and wore a rough tweed suit with a soft shirt and a bright foulard tie. And there was something about the way he tossed down his drinks that showed a fine disregard for the future. Bink saw that his father was still holding onto his second highball, and with an air of defiance he took quite a large sip of his sherry.

The movement attracted Johnny Sewell's attention and he looked down at Bink. "How you coming, son?" he asked. "Everything all right?" He finished his drink and his hand rested heavier on Bink's shoulder.

"I've seen a lot of kids in my day," he said. "A lot of kids. They used to wait outside the dressing rooms in droves. I wish I had a dollar for every program I've autographed. Thousands of them. I used to write 'Good Luck' and sign my name. Sometimes I'd write the kid's name, too, if there weren't too many of them waiting. Made it more personal. Gave them something to remember. But I guess it's too late for an autograph now. Isn't that right, son? And no programs, either. Nothing to sign but checks."

All the men, happy and amused, looked down at Bink, and he struggled to speak. "I was going to ask you for one," he said. "Later."

"Well, now." Johnny Sewell's voice sounded pleased. "You were going to ask me for one, were you? You want an autograph from an old-timer like me?"

Everyone in the room was suddenly interested. Even the women stopped talking and glanced over at Bink, smiling sympathetically. It seemed to him that they looked as though there was something slightly humorous in asking for Johnny Sewell's autograph now. It made him mad and with his anger he became articulate.

"Old-timer!" he scoffed. "Old-timer, nothing! Just the greatest forward-passer of all time!"

"Well, hooray for Bink!" Nick Farnsworth exclaimed. He fished in his pocket and drew out an envelope, which he handed to Johnny. "Go to it, Johnny, if you haven't forgotten how!"

Johnny Sewell put down his glass and took his pen from his vest pocket. "What did you say your name was, son?" he asked.

"Bink."

The pen looked small in Johnny's huge hand and he grasped it like a man to whom a pen would always be an annoying, necessary object. His writing was large and childish. "To my pal, Bink," he wrote, "from his friend Johnny Sewell."

He picked up his glass and, seeing that it was empty, walked across the room to refill it. Passing the group of women, he singled one out. "Oh, Bess," he said. "I want you to meet Russ Bowers' boy. He's a great kid. Come over here, son, and meet Mrs. Sewell."

Bink, clutching the envelope and his glass of sherry, made his way to them. By Johnny Sewell's side a woman stood. Not a young woman and not a pretty woman. Her hair was quite gray and had an untidy look. Bink, remembering how his mother looked, saw that there was something wrong in the way this woman was dressed.

"Be back in a minute," Johnny Sewell said. "You two get acquainted."

Mrs. Sewell sat down on the couch and moved over to make room for Bink. "So you're the boy who wanted Johnny's autograph," she said. "That was sweet of you. Just like old times."

She sat looking at him and smiling. She had not removed her coat and her face looked warm and shiny. In one hand she clutched a pair of fabric gloves and Bink saw that her coat wasn't a very good one. He looked down again at her hand and noticed that she had no red on her nails and that the diamond in her ring was very small.

In a flash of discernment it came to him that Johnny Sewell was poor, and he looked up again at her, so frightened at the injustice of the world that he was unable to speak.

—Sally Benson

PROCRASTINATION IS ALL OF THE TIME

Torpor and sloth, torpor and sloth,
These are the cooks that unseason the broth.
Slothor and torp, slothor and torp
The directest of beeline ambitions can warp.
He who is slothic, he who is torporal
Will not be promoted to sergeant or corporal.
No torporer drowsy, no comatose slother
Will make a good banker, or even an author.
Torpor I deprecate, sloth I deplore;
Torpor is tedious, sloth is a bore.
Sloth is a bore and torpor is tedious,
Fifty parts comatose, fifty tragedious.
How drear, on a planet with plenty of woes,
That sloth is not slumber or torpor repose;
That the innocent joy of not getting things done
Simmers sulkily down to plain not having fun.
You smile in the morn like a bride in her bridalness
At the thought of a day of nothing but idleness.
By midday you're slipping, by evening a lunatic,
A perusing-the-newspapers-all-afternoonatic,
Worn to a wraith from the half-hourly jaunt
After glasses of water you didn't want,
And at last when onto your pallet you creep,
You discover yourself too tired to sleep.
O torpor and sloth, torpor and sloth,
These are the cooks that unseason the broth.
Torpor is harrowing, sloth it is irksome—
Everyone ready? Let's go out and worksome.

—Ogden Nash

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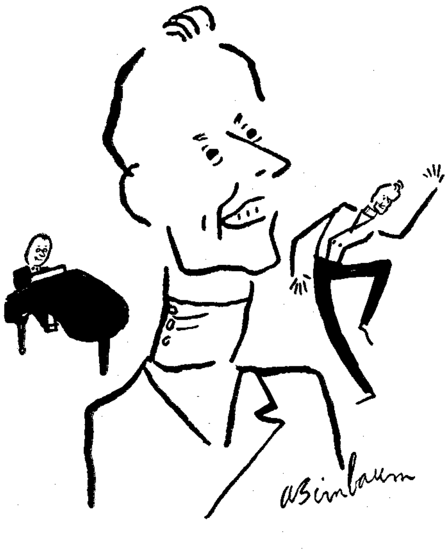
PROFILES

DANCING HAMLET



Paul Draper

IT is hard to imagine anything more futile than a psychological study of the average tap-dancer. An investigation of a hoofer's background, the story of his early life, or a recital of his philosophy would be dull and inconclusive, if not downright depressing. In the case of Paul Draper, however, all these considerations are quite pertinent. If he is the best tap-dancer in the world—and there are many people who believe that he is—his physical ability is not the complete explanation. Draper is unique: a thoughtful tap-dancer. It is the high mental and emotional content of his dancing which has brought him, in only eight years of professional life, to the point where, without sacrificing the crisp appeal of his tapping, he can use the formal technique of the ballet and dance to Handel, Bach, and Brahms before night-club audiences.

Draper's present skill provides almost a classic casebook history of the compensation and cure of a severe nervous affliction. If he had not grown up with a bad stutter, he would have been better adjusted to life; and if he had been better adjusted to life, he would probably have become a civil engineer or something equally conservative. There is also in Draper's development the story of a rather unusual family life. His mother, Muriel Draper, will be remembered by the middle-aged generation as the most zealous hostess of prewar London. The dances that brought audiences to the Sert Room this season began to germinate some twenty-five years ago in Paul's mother's house at 19a Edith Grove. It was a house dominated by great names and great music, and there was about it an aura of uncrystallized memoirs. Surrounded by dreadfully articulate people and by world-famous musicians who played Mrs. Draper's favorite *concerti* at the drop of a hat, little Paul not unnaturally grew up with what we used to call an inferiority complex, which manifested itself by a stutter. His dancing might be called a double compensation: it is an arresting manner of self-expression, and it puts him on a level with the music that once dominated his life. "A dancing Hamlet," Muriel Draper recently called her son (that's the way people talked in the old days at 19a Edith Grove). We must qualify that a little bit: Draper is a streamlined, air-cooled Hamlet who has conquered his melancholy and gets along beautifully with Queen Gertrude. Man delights him, and woman too, and he has in his pocket a contract guaranteeing him $25,000 for ten weeks of dancing in London this spring.

Draper studied tap-dancing for three weeks back in 1930, and he has since had two years of intensive ballet work. For the rest, his dancing has grown out of thinking, experiment, and practice. He is his own choreographer; more than half his working day is spent in a rehearsal room making up new steps and fitting them together. He has retained the intricate, impeccable tap rhythms of his early days, presenting them now in the correct poses and movements of the classical ballet. It is his considered opinion that any reasonably agile person with a sense of rhythm can master tap technique within a year. On the other hand, he says, a lifetime isn't long enough for a study of the ballet. There is, however, no such term as ballet dancing in his lexicon. "You might as well talk about bag-punching prize-fighting," he says. Ballet work he considers an exercise necessary for every type of dancing, but he had no patience with the restrictions of the classicists.

Draper's rise as a dancer is the saga of a man getting down off a table top. He started his professional career eight years ago, dancing with a girl partner on a marble table top of ordinary size. First he alleviated the congestion by dispensing with the girl, then he came down and danced on the floor. Now, the average dance floor doesn't provide nearly as much space as he would like. A man dancing to a popular tune may be content to stand in one spot and whip out tight little rhythms, but a man dancing to real music, as Draper has been doing for the past three years, has widened both his mental and physical scope. A Brahms intermezzo, for instance, can't be interpreted on a table top.

The Brahms intermezzo and Bach's Fantasia in C-minor are Draper's latest additions to his repertoire, which also includes a Scarlatti pastorale, the gavotte from "Mignon," Debussy's "Golliwogg's Cake-Walk," Strauss's "Blue Danube," Gershwin's "It Ain't Necessarily So," a toccata by Domenico Paradies, and three short compositions of Handel—a minuet, a tamburino, and a sarabande. The dances are arranged, bar for bar, note for note, to fit the music. The usual tap "routine"—an all too descriptive word—has no relation to the music except similarity of rhythm and length. Draper chooses a piece of music because it means something to him, and composes his dances on the same principle. "An audience may not understand what you're trying to say, but they can always tell if you're trying to say something," he says. Sincerity might seem too intangible a quality to look for in a tap dance, but in considering a man who is willing to let his dancing sum up his whole life and personality, we at least ought to make the effort.

PAUL DRAPER was born twenty-nine years ago in Italy. His mother was a Sanders of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and his father a Draper of New York—a union in which gentility and prosperity were pretty evenly matched. The Draper side of the family is the more formidable, socially and artistically. Dana, the founder of the *Sun*, was Paul's great-grandfather, and his Aunt Ruth is the dean of lady monologuists. Paul Draper, Sr., was a singer of some ability and at the time of his son's birth was studying in Florence. When the child was two, the family took a house in London. Then began the four-year period which Mrs. Draper describes so well in her volume of memoirs, "Music at Midnight." Mr. Draper achieved prosperity simply, by spending his capital. There were teas, dinners, suppers, impromptu concerts lasting from midnight to dawn. There were Henry James, Pablo Casals, Norman Douglas, John Singer Sargent, Arthur Rubinstein, Mabel Dodge, Gertrude Stein. There

THE THEATRE

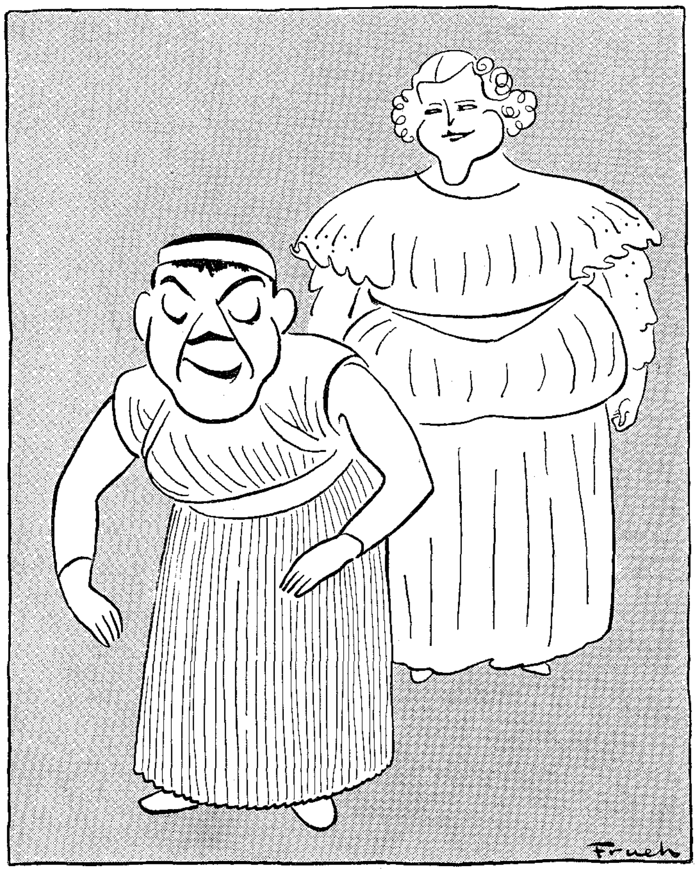
HAPPY NEW YEAR, I GUESS

"WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly" is a mere inclination of the head compared with the gesture made by your poet when he stoops to comedy. A good psychiatrist, *s'il en existe*, could have a one-man field day analyzing the motives of a writer of fine dramatic prose who, after years of success at fine writing, decides that the time has come for him to be comical. Is he a thwarted humorist at heart (and who isn't?) or does he want to show up humorists as pikers?

In other, and less carefully chosen, words, what in the name of God made a writer as exalted as Thornton Wilder think that it was important for him to wrench himself into the past to the extent of reviving a farce from the Vienna of 1842 (based, as the program admits, "itself upon an English original," as if anyone would sue) and calling it "The Merchant of Yonkers"? There must be something that Mr. Wilder should have corrected. Possibly, "The Merchant of Yonkers" has done it. I hope so.

As you may have gathered, I was not convulsed at "The Merchant of Yonkers." Aside from the first part of Act II, where Miss June Walker enhanced an excellently written scene, with the aid of Miss Nydia Westman, and one spot in one of those later acts, where my favorite actor, Mr. Joseph Sweeney (what are the movies thinking of?), came to the footlights and gave off personality at the rate of a mile a minute, I was not only bored but embarrassed. Miss Jane Cowl knows comedy and knows it backward, which is the only way she could have got through some of Mr. Wilder's scenes. Mr. Percy Waram is one of the best actors we have, which is also a break for Mr. Wilder. In fact, the cast is full of good performers, especially a young man named John Call, who has definite authority, but you can't make an old farce seem new simply because a poet wanted to get funny. Granted that we funny-men don't always succeed, but we don't try to be poets, do we? Or do we?

IT is difficult to appraise "Everywhere I Roam" because it is so good when it is good and so bad when it is bad. To take up its bad parts first, it doesn't make sense. If an apple tree is better than a railroad, then sue me. It is prettier, possibly (although that is a matter of opinion), but a lot of people who came from Sweden to America were made happier by railroads than they were by apple trees. And don't give me any back talk.



"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE"

Jimmy Savo being coy and Wynn Murray not being coy.

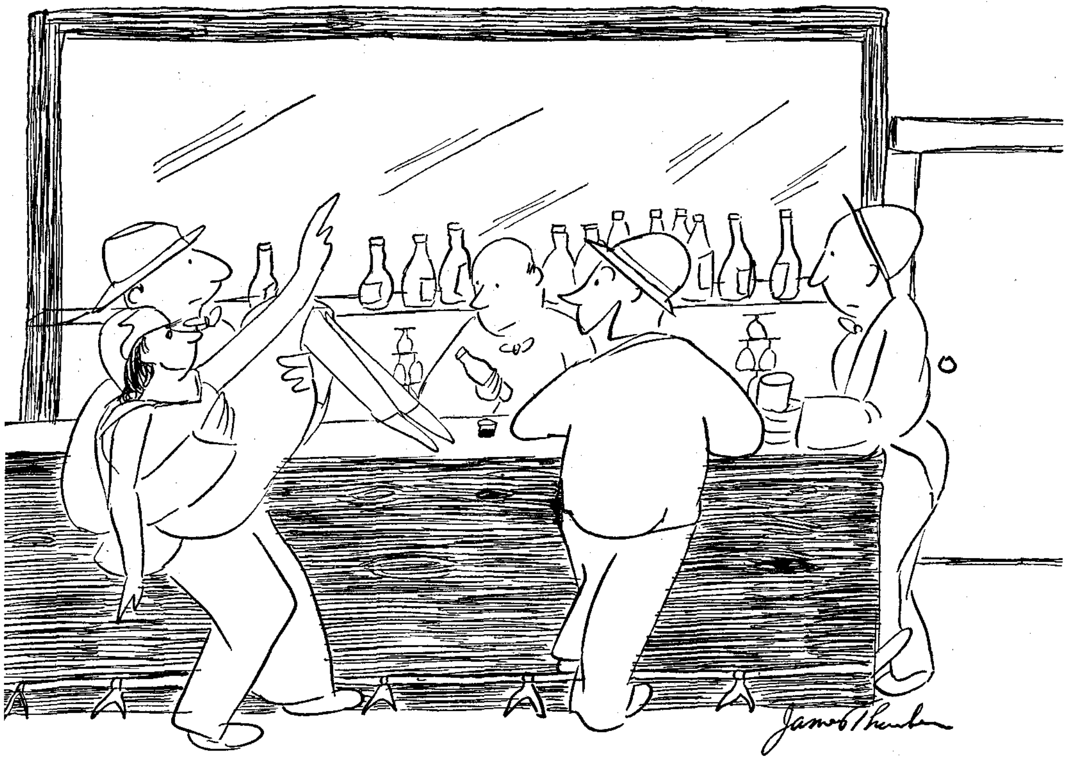
The philosophy of "Everywhere I Roam" is the philosophy of Thoreau (sorry, Mr. Atkinson), which seems to be that so long as you yourself are sitting pretty in Nature's bosom, the hell with the rest of the world. Sometime I want to talk about Nature and the selfishness she inspires in her adherents. Frankly, I feel that the Swedes in Mr. Sundgaard's (and Mr. Connelly's) play were very lucky that the railroad decided to go through their apple trees. And I'll bet that they considered themselves lucky, too, if you ask them today.

But from the point of view of an observer, "Everywhere I Roam" is easily the most exciting play to come to town this year. Robert Edmond Jones, in his scenery and lighting (Grant Wood dramatized, and in such a way that Grant Wood himself would probably swoon), the dances staged by Felicia Sorel, and the choral arrangements by Lehman Engel, all go to make a production which you must see if you want to feel what the theatre still has in its power. It is really something.

Much of this has that touch of Marc Connelly which distinguished "Green Pastures," especially in the tender attention to trivialities and the casual passing over of issues of importance. There is also the feeling, as in Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns," that you are getting more than your money's worth, even though you don't know it. But for my money (which was nothing on opening night, but which will be whatever it costs the next time I go), the hero of "Everywhere I Roam" was Robert Edmond Jones, who gave my eyes the best treat they have had since I looked at Dolores.

THERE were three plays that opened on Tuesday night of last week. "Bright Rebel" I chose, because it was supposed to be about Byron, and I have always hated Byron. I still do.

During the second act of "Bright Rebel" I thought that I might be happier at "Michael (Steps, Looks, or Walks) In," which was



"Welcome back to the old water hole, Mrs. Bixby!"

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himself. He won't trust anybody else with the job of riveting them on and filing them smooth. "Nobody else could possibly care as much as I do about getting them just right," he explains. Such talk might well sound pompous if it weren't so obvious that Draper really means it. Something of the same feeling has prevented his taking out accident insurance. "If I knew I was going to get paid for an injury, subconsciously I might get careless," he says.

CONSIDERED as an artist, Draper is about in the position of Walt Disney: he is the proprietor of a unique form of entertainment, which is enjoyed equally by drunken stockbrokers and Gilbert Seldes. He has danced in Symphony Hall in Boston and he has been hired (at a cost of $5,000) to dance at a New Year's Eve party in a private house. Everybody has a theory about what he ought to do next: his mother says he ought to go into musical-comedy and revue work; his manager would like to see him in the movies; Draper himself wants to get together an orchestra of his own and go around the world giving what he would like to call "concerts." It will be at least a year before he can take any radical steps. He closes this week at the Sert Room; then, after a short vacation in Mexico with his friend Paul Gallico, he and Dave will probably work in Miami for several weeks, and then will be off to London to work in the Café de Paris for ten weeks. He has a contract to return to the Persian Room at the Plaza and some time before September will spend a couple of months on the Coast, working under George Balanchine in the "Goldwyn Follies"—which, incidentally, will be the first time that he has allowed anybody else even to give him advice about his choreography.

Draper leads the rigid, restricted life of a conscientious professional entertainer. He loves to eat and drink and go out with pretty girls and drive in automobiles, but the job that gives him the means to do all this also prevents his doing it to any great extent. He must be conscious of his body all the time. He must have massage. He must "warm up" three times a day, before his rehearsal and before each performance. If he goes to the theatre, it must be to a matinée. His only free day is Sunday. He started to learn to fly an airplane, but gave it up when he found that it somehow affected his balance and footwork. He can't go out to cocktail parties. "People ask me to them and I say I'll come, because I can't always say I'm practicing between five and seven," he says. "And then I don't come, because I always *am* practicing." If he did have more time to himself, however, he wouldn't spend it at parties. "I'd learn to play a musical instrument," he says, "and I'd have more girls."

The compensations of such a life come in unexpected ways. One night several weeks ago, Teddy Wilson, the colored pianist in Benny Goodman's quartet, went up to visit Draper and Dave in Draper's apartment in the Waldorf. Within an hour the two pianists were playing hot four-handed variations of the old tunes that swing musicians all love—"Dinah," "Blue Skies," "Sweet Sue," and the rest. Draper fidgeted about for a minute or so, then went into the bedroom and changed to his dancing shoes. He pried the marble slab out of the coffee table, set it on the floor beside the piano, and started to dance. Forty minutes later he was still dancing, his hair in his eyes, sweat dripping from the end of his nose, his jacket and trousers stained dark. It's doubtful if anything else in the world could have given the three men so much pleasure as that little jam session. "We were in the groove that time," Teddy said after they had stopped. "We were in the groove," Draper agreed solemnly, pouring drinks. He changed his suit and took Dave out to play some pool. —RUSSELL MALONEY

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FOR AN AMOROUS LADY

Most mammals like caresses, in the sense in which we usually take the word, whereas other creatures, even tame snakes, prefer giving to receiving them.—*From a natural-history book.*

The pensive gnu, the staid aardvark,
Accept caresses in the dark;
The bear, equipped with paw and snout,
Would rather take than dish it out.
But snakes, both poisonous and garter,
In love are never known to barter;
The worm, though dank, is sensitive:
His noble nature bids him *give.*

But you, my dearest, have a soul
Encompassing fish, flesh, and fowl.
When amorous arts we would pursue,
You can, with pleasure, bill *or* coo.
You are, in truth, one in a million,
At once mammalian and reptilian.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

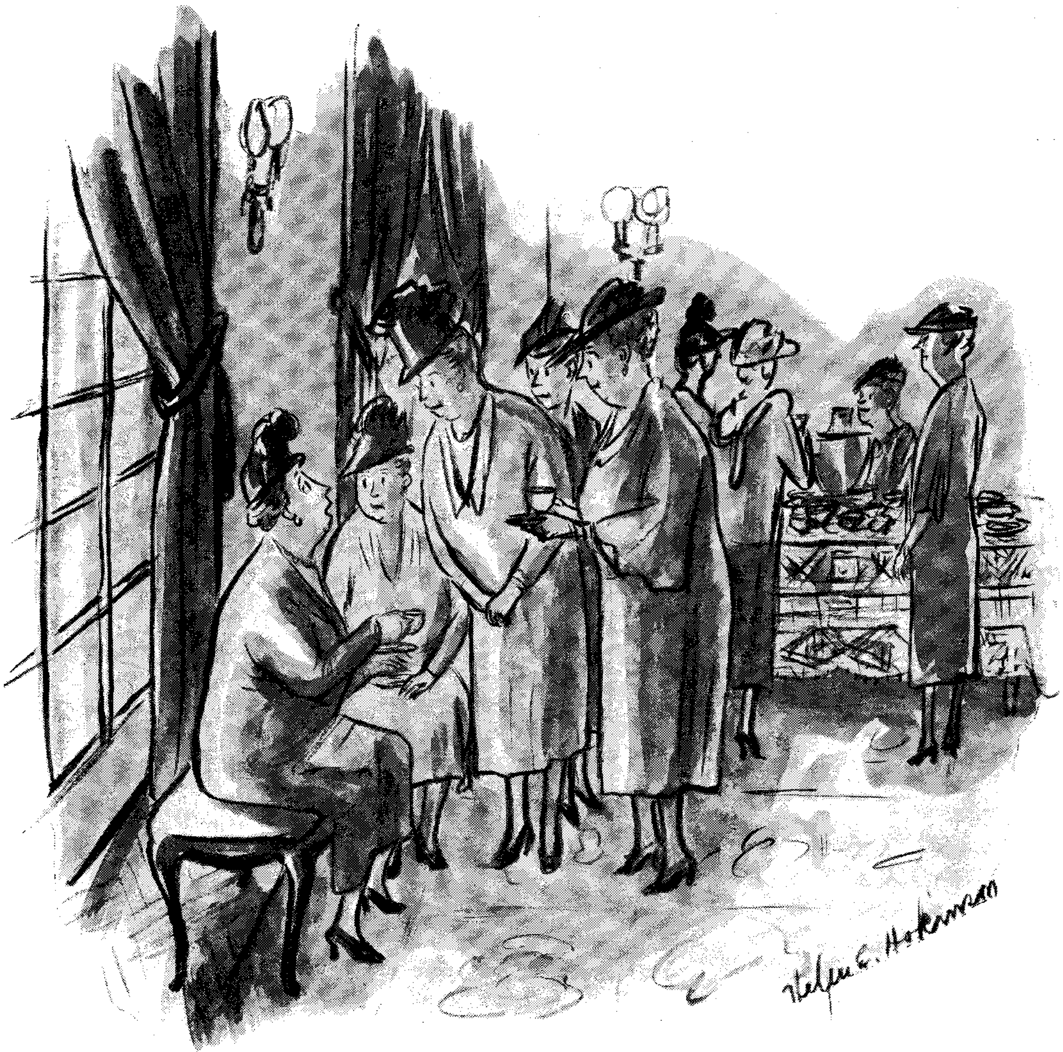
ber being worked up. Sometimes Draper will work for a week or more on three or four bars of music, trying endless combinations of steps, frowning into the practice mirror, posing, and muttering "Deedle-dee, deedle-dee, TA-ta-tum-TA . . . Deedle-dee . . . Damn!" Draper never changes his music to fit his dancing; the nearest he comes to it is to say, "Dave, if there were some way to phrase that so I could get into position for my turn . . ." Dave sometimes finds something to criticize in a pose or a turn and gets out on the floor to show Draper what he thinks is wrong. If Draper makes a false step, he apologizes to Dave, and if Dave hits the wrong note, he apologizes to Draper. After each performance they talk rather seriously about the way each number went. "I give at least one lousy show a week," Draper says, meaning that in one show a week there is a flaw noticeable to him or Dave.

Draper goes over three or four of his current numbers during his practice period, works on his new dances, and goes through almost all the steps he knows; it takes him until about seven o'clock. His shows go on at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, and he usually eats before the first one. Between shows he sits around in a dressing gown drinking orange juice and playing his phonograph. After the last show he gets dressed and goes out for a serious meal. After that he may take a drive in his car or he may go over to Broadway to play pool with Dave. It is a curiously limited life. He can't eat or drink when other people do and he seldom sees his friends unless they call on him. He recently gave up a two-hundred-dollar apartment, having discovered that during the past two years he had spent only five weeks in it. He has to live where he dances.

DRAPER is now a very prosperous man. Last season he made about $50,000; this season it will be near $75,000. His agent takes ten per cent and his bank deducts fifteen per cent from every salary check as payment on an annuity. He pays certain family expenses. Nobody knows where the rest goes. He certainly has never saved any of it. It would almost be possible to make from memory a list of all Draper's possessions: two pairs of dancing shoes, three costumes, a Mercedes roadster; 2,500 phonograph records and a custom-built phonograph; a modest wine cellar, now in storage at the Waldorf; half a dozen suits. The Mercedes is Draper's major dissipation. It is incredibly uncomfortable and powerful; fortunately for his friends, it is usually strewn about the floor of Zumbach's garage. Last month, by way of a final touch of improvement, Draper had the camshaft chromium-plated. Once in a while, when the car is all in one piece, he takes it out into the country and pushes it up to 120 miles an hour—"a good deal safer than going sixty in an American car," he says austerely.

The wine cellar is symptomatic of Lucullan tendencies, which Draper sternly suppresses because he must keep in training. His favorite restaurants are Voisin's and Giovanni's. Phonograph music is a continual background to his home life from the moment he wakes up until he goes to bed. If he is too busy to change the records, it's attended to by Earle, his dresser, or by Dave, or anybody who happens to be in his apartment. "Listen to that hunk of music!" Draper will exclaim, struck with admiration in the middle of breakfast, or under the shower, or making up for the supper show. "What a number *that* would be, if you could do it!" As likely as not it will be some little thing of Beethoven's.

Draper's costumes are of his own design—high-waisted trousers, a tight-fitting double-breasted jacket, and a plain buttoned-up collar, intended, he says, to suggest no definite period or place. Lucius Beebe's tailor makes them, at $75 each. Draper also designs his own shoes. Like all tap-dancers' shoes, they have metal toe tips which accent the sound of the taps; these are cast in a mold that Draper had specially made for



"It's the same lecture, but for the twenty dollars extra he wears a leopard skin."

(after a screen test in which he said to a young lady, "And now I'll d-d-do a little d-d-d-dance") and put him in a picture called "Colleen," with Miss Ruby Keeler. Draper, Miss Keeler, and Warner Brothers were all miserable at the result and they parted, Draper says, "on terms of profound indifference."

About this time, Draper began to see a great light. He hadn't been as good a dancer as he thought he was and he had been pretty stuffy with his audiences. It was not unusual for him to get down off his table and walk out if people were not attentive. (Curiously enough, this is not a breach of contract, though it naturally prejudices prospective employers.) Draper had started going to concerts and was collecting records. With some haphazard idea of getting regular workouts, he had begun attending ballet classes at the School of American Ballet. Suddenly it all fitted together in his mind: good music, ballet, his relations with his audience; he saw the kind of dancing he wanted to do. After that it was only a matter of three years' work for him to get where he is now.

The past three years, which have seen Draper become a unique dancer, have also cured his stuttering. While he was dancing in the Rainbow Room, he decided, in a now-or-never mood, to begin announcing his numbers. A simple sentence used to be a matter of minutes with him and improvement was slow. Now, however, nothing remains but a characteristic hesitation. He is convinced that his increased confidence in his dancing is responsible for this improvement and is always painfully distressed when stutterers who have heard of his cure write and ask for advice; he can't very well advise them to become expert tap-dancers. "I'm almost the highest-paid tap-dancer in the world," he said once, "and my stuttering is almost c-cured."

Draper is criticized a good deal for his lack of gaiety on the dance floor, but he doesn't know what to do about it. His days of feeling that his work is beyond his audience's understanding have been outgrown; he likes audiences, and likes them to like him, but he just doesn't seem to smile much. "I'm getting better," he said recently, after pondering this state of affairs. "I think I've been smiling quite a lot in the Sert Room this season."

"By the way, your broker phoned this morning."

PLAYING Bach for a tap-dancer is a curious and finicking job. Almost from the beginning of his Bach-Brahms-Handel phase, Draper's accompanist has been David Le Winter, whom he found playing piano in a dance band at the Chez Paris, a Chicago café. Dave is thirty-two, a bland, friendly fellow with a perpetual cigar. He was brought up in Chicago in a musical family who had hopes of his going on the concert stage. When he was fifteen, however, he went to work as an accompanist in a Clark Street café. That was in the days when what we now call the jam session was really spontaneous. A musician could walk into any neighboring café and sit in with the orchestra. It's Dave's boast that before his sixteenth birthday he had played in every café on the street. By the time he was seventeen, he had gone on to what is, in swing-music circles, enduring fame; he was playing with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, one of the very first really hot bands. After that he had a variety of jobs in night clubs and vaudeville, including a term as accompanist and straight man for Eva Mandell, a sort of Sophie Tucker of the early twenties. His present concern is to get hold of a good harpsichord teacher. "You can't understand Handel and Bach without knowing the harpsichord," he says earnestly.

About the only chance Dave gets to play a hot piano these days is during Draper's daily rehearsal and workout, which takes from three to four hours. At four in the afternoon, only a couple of hours after they have got up, the pair go to their rehearsal room. This is always a room in a dancing school, with a mirror, a good floor, and some sort of piano. By way of warming up, Draper dances for thirty or forty minutes without a stop. He ad-libs his steps, and Dave ad-libs at the piano; occasionally, when both are feeling good, there are results that transcend any thought-out, rehearsed number. To offset these happy times, there is always a new numthat perhaps journalism was in his blood, he got a job on the old *World* as assistant music critic under Chotzinoff. This didn't last, nor did his next job, which was soliciting advertising for a music magazine. The next step was more constructive; he responded to an advertisement of the Arthur Murray dancing school asking for college-bred men who were good dancers. Draper rightly judged that two semesters at Brooklyn Polytechnic qualified him on one count, and he really was a good dancer. He had picked up intricate ballroom idiocies like the Charleston with ease and he had always enjoyed going to Harlem with his mother to watch the Negroes perform. (Those were the Van Vechten days.) It would be pleasant to relate that Mr. Murray hired Draper on sight, but he didn't. There were four weedings-out of the hundred-odd young men who applied, and Draper was eliminated in each one. He kept coming back with the candidates who *had* been chosen, however, and finally he was put to work teaching dowagers the Lindy Hop. He made rather a good thing of his career at Murray's until the proprietor discovered that he was giving private lessons to Murray clients at their houses and pocketing the full five dollars a lesson. When Murray failed him, Draper could think of nothing to do but go to England.

DRAPER, during his two years in New York, had picked up about the same knowledge of tap-dancing that he had of writing. He knew some of the fundamental steps, but he had never put them together and he had never practiced. It was just a parlor trick he had learned from the other boys at Arthur Murray's. During a month when he had a little extra spending money, he had gone to a dancing school on Broadway, Tom Nip's, and learned how to do a time step. He left Nip's with his time step in rather an unpolished state (the sound of the taps should go ta-da-da-da, da-da, DA-dum—ta-da-da-da, da-da, DA-dum, and Draper was going ta-da-da-da-da, da-da-DUM) and never again did he take another tap lesson. It is today a source of mild irritation to Draper that Mr. Nip can, with perfect truth, advertise that he is "the only teacher of Paul Draper."

Draper arrived in London with his dormant time step and letters of introduction to everybody. Everybody was very nice and had him to dinner, but no career offered itself. Finally, when he was close to starvation, a friend of his, a girl who wrote movie reviews, told him about a possible job at a cinema called the Plaza. They wanted an eccentric dancer to appear for a week in a stage prologue to Hal Skelly's movie, "The Dance of Life." Draper's dancing, if not eccentric, was at least untutored, and he was engaged.

After frenzied practice, Draper and a chorus girl he knew worked up a little number which they did on top of a table. An English producer, possibly overawed by the table, engaged them for a revue called "Sensations of 1931," which toured the provinces. This saw Draper through to the autumn of that year, when he received a small inheritance. He came over to New York to claim it and found himself unable to return to England as a dancer, his labor permit having expired. He went instead to Paris, where he danced on table tops in this and that resort and made just enough to live. (His inheritance was tied up in a trust fund.) Then he worked in Geneva, and after that at Juan-les-Pins.

This obviously was leading nowhere, so when the Drapers showed themselves willing to advance Paul's passage home, on the condition that he was never again to dance for his living, he leapt at the chance. It is to be feared that he never, from the very first, meant to keep his part of the bargain. The minute he got back he set to work getting up an even more impressive table-top dance than the one he'd used in France. First he danced in Cobina Wright's Sutton Club. After that he had brief engagements at the Roxy and the Paramount. In the autumn of 1932 he fell in with his present manager, Jack Davies, who got him work at the Music Hall, the Casino de Paris, and other places that were willing to go as high as one-fifty or two hundred a week for a dancer. In the winter of 1934 he went into the revue "Thumbs Up!" He was by this time a good buck-and-wing dancer, but he hadn't yet come down off the table.

After "Thumbs Up!" came a disastrous little Hollywood interlude. Warner Brothers asked him out to the Coast

ESPERANTO SPOKEN
Geo. Price

was a musicale which a countess interrupted by being sick in the fireplace; there was another which a friend of the family broke up with a small revolver. Finally, there was the realization that the Drapers had no more money and would have to go home.

Paul cannot now remember what he thought about all this. The modern school of psychology agrees with the Jesuits' dictum that the first six years of life are the most impressionable, and it is unlikely that any child was ever exposed to more impressions than Mrs. Draper's eldest. He had his introduction to society and to music, and in time reacted definitely to both. As to his stuttering, Paul thinks now that it grew out of the fact that the only way for a child to attract attention among those indefatigable conversationalists was to display some striking vocal affliction. His mother thinks it developed later, after the dwindling family funds had forced the Drapers to come back to the United States. She thinks his speech then froze up as an unconscious revolt against the relative barrenness of life in these parts. It's anybody's guess.

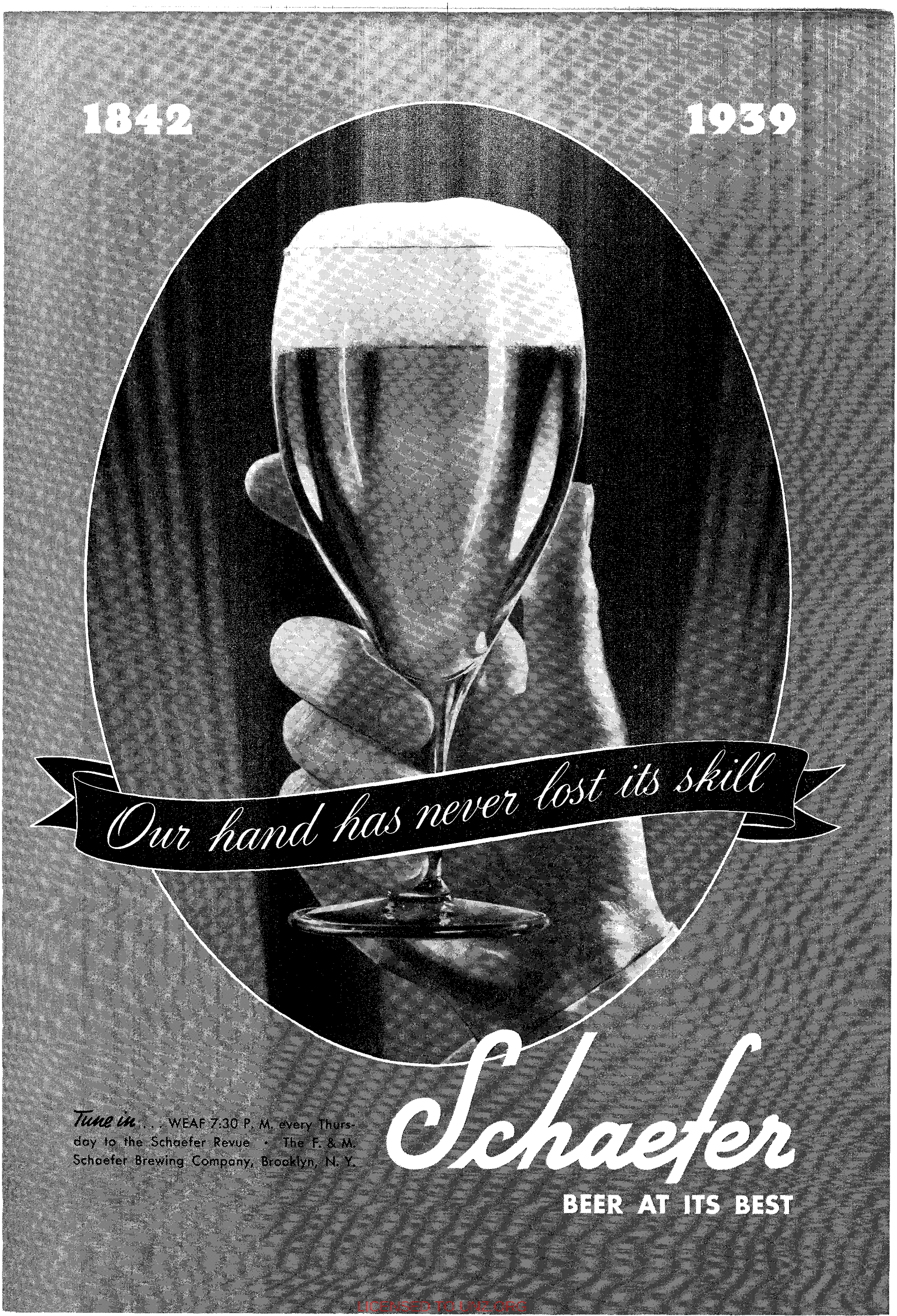
Mr. and Mrs. Draper separated after their return to this country and Mr. Draper saw little of his children afterward. Paul went first to live at Birchbrow, his maternal grandparents' house in Haverhill, Massachusetts, then with an uncle in Pawling. When he was nine, his mother brought him to live with her in New York and sent him to the Lincoln School. He spent almost two years there before being dismissed as a hopeless delinquent. Draper still remembers the crowning touch to his delinquency. He had been cast as the page in a sort of operatic Christmas production of "Good King Wenceslaus." At the point where Good King W. chants "Bring me flesh and bring me wine," Paul produced from beneath his cloak a biggish toy elephant and stopped the show completely. He also had two years at his next school, Morristown, before he was dismissed, this time for firing a rifle in the corridor of his dormitory. He had, in the intervals of ruffianism, done so well at his studies that he would have been a college freshman at sixteen if his mother hadn't sent him to a farm in Virginia, to slow him down. After two years of this he returned East and entered Loomis, at Windsor, Connecticut. It had been more or less understood that he was preparing for Harvard, but when he was seventeen, he decided to leave school.

He returned to New York in the spring of 1927, borrowed some money from various Drapers, bought a second-hand Ford, and set out for Woodstock, New York. He had become acquainted with the Woodstock literary colony while staying in a boys' summer camp nearby and he wished to begin his new life in the neighborhood of this romantic spot. His mother did nothing to dam up this outburst of self-expression, but his Aunt Ruth was deeply concerned. She was even more concerned when she discovered that her nephew was gainfully employed as a ditchdigger. She drove right up to Woodstock to reason with him and found him swinging a pick at the roadside. "What do you think you're going to make of your life?" she asked sternly, leaning out of the back seat of her Rolls-Royce. "I'm going to be an engineer," replied the harried boy. She drove on, and the upshot of the roadside interview was that his aunt had him packed off to the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, supplementing with her own money the slender income he drew from a trust fund set up by his grandparents.

Paul actually had a good deal of mathematical ability and went through almost a whole year at Polytechnic. He lived in a furnished room in the Village and worked evenings jerking sodas in a drugstore on Sixth Avenue. On his weekly night off he went skating at Iceland and became a pretty good sprint racer. In the spring of 1928 several things happened at once. Apathy put a halt to the study of engineering and the proprietor of the drugstore, wrongfully suspecting Draper of thievery, fired him. Then, for a brief period, he tried to live by writing. He abandoned literature when he was rejected by a little magazine called *Commonweal.* "I knew then I'd *never* be a writer," he says.

Draper at nineteen felt, as so many of us did at that age, that he was drifting without getting anywhere. It's a fact that he was not really accomplishing a lot. Remembering that his great-grandfather was Dana of the *Sun* and feeling

"Oh, there's something else I've got to tell you."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playing on the same street. I really wasn't happier, so I went back to "Bright Rebel." I don't know now whether I made a mistake or not. I do know that I was sorry that I went back to "Bright Rebel" (isn't there something that can be done about titles like that?), but I also was as relieved as Punch at leaving "Michael Walks, Steps, or Looks In."

The other play that opened was called "Don't Throw Glass Houses." If you want me to go to it, just write in and send a coupon. I am nothing if I am not amenable, and I certainly am not amenable. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

NEW ENGLAND PASTORAL

Now snow will be,
For a long while,
All that we know
For mile on mile
Where hill is bound
To neighbor hill
By a white silence,
Listening-still.

Here, nuzzling winds
Will come to graze
On the steep slopes
Through shorter days,
And stars that feed
On thinnest fare
Will find their fill
Of frozen air.

Obliterate, now,
The grass-fringed rocks,
The pasture bars
Of other flocks,
And snow will be,
For a long while,
All that we know
For mile on mile.

—DAVID MORTON

•

Last winter on the French Riviera the international crowd went in for the ancient pastime of spearing fish under water. Every modern form of amusement having begun to pall, a primitive sport was the means of lugging these sated pleasure-seekers out of their doldrums.

Dorothy Quick, the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Mumford, might—if she chose—have been a member of this set, but a happy association as a child with Mark Twain, who felt she showed marked talent for writing, gave her the ambition to live up to the famous author's expectations.—*From an announcement of "Spears Into Life," poems by Dorothy Quick.*

It was a narrow squeak, just the same.

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are enjoyed by the type of people who come to the Big Indian Association Club Inn or to their own cabins in our 1000 acre Park as lovers of the unspoiled outdoors. Careful restrictions insure congenial company. Here you live as restfully or as vigorously as you please in your comfortable old clothes thoroughly relaxed by the peace and quiet and the restorative atmosphere of 2,000 feet altitude.

This country has been little known because it is mostly owned by vast estates and 200,000 acres of State Forest preserve. Yet it is only a three hours' drive from New York over perfect roads. OTHER EQUALLY HIGH MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS ARE THREE TIMES AS FAR AWAY FROM NEW YORK.

Guests are always welcome as it is through them that we become better known. Ours is grand winter country. Skiing and skating. Roads always open. Snow trains on week ends; $3 return fare. Ski tow hill 20 minutes away.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Administration's idea of putting relief under nonpartisan boards is fundamentally sound. The WPA has become a political headache and it is time to share it with Republicans.

•

Our epithetical war with the Reich left no doubt about one thing. Our newspapers want no help from Germany in abusing Secretary Ickes.

•

Authorities disagree as to whether the conference at Lima was a success or a failure. Splitting the difference, we may say that Mr. Hull achieved hemispherical semi-solidarity.

•

Mr. Eccles brings us the cheerful news that we are no deeper in debt now than we were in 1929. The only difference is that the money is now owed by Uncle Sam instead of a lot of total strangers.

•

Roosevelt's Christmas gift to commerce and industry was Harry Hopkins. Some of our businessmen wish they could exchange him for something less ornamental but more useful.

•

Fifth Avenue merchants offer complete coöperation with Mr. Whalen's enterprise. They will go so far as to sell our visitors anything their little hearts desire.

•

The English are not too hopeful about Chamberlain's forthcoming visit to Rome. They will consider it a victory if the Prime Minister gets back with his watch and chain.

•

A hundred British motorists are coming over next June to tour our Eastern states and learn all about us. The first thing to learn is that we drive on the wrong side of the road.

•

Economists keep telling us that all we need to put us back on our feet is a new industry. We ought to be ingenious enough to think of something costly we cannot possibly get along without.

•

New York is glowing with honest pride over the record made by the Tammany Councilmen. They talked for twenty hours without expressing anything resembling a thought.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

1
BACK FROM
RENO
2
3
4
GREEN GIANT
GREAT BIG
TENDER
PEAS

WHAT DOES THIS *Charade* STAND FOR *that Green Giant Peas have got?*

If you're not as good a Charade-ist as you thought, the answer is: (1) "ex", (2) "Clue", (3) "Sieve", (4) "Taste"—or
EXCLUSIVE TASTE

and why do these Peas have it?

Exclusive Taste like this is found only in Green Giant Brand Peas, with the giant on the label. Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minn., and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.; also, Niblets Corn, Del Maiz Corn (Cream Style), and Niblet-Ears.

Green Giant Peas have "Exclusive Taste" because they're packed from an exclusive breed (S-537), after years of work in our experimental gardens. The secret is—they grow to huge size while still very young and tender, before their natural sugar has turned to starch. More eating enjoyment because there's more sweet-meat, and less skin in proportion than in the small peas you've known.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

OBITUARY OF A GIN MILL

IT makes me lonesome to walk past the old red-brick building, west of the Brooklyn Bridge, once occupied by Dick's Bar and Grill. When I described that saloon in these pages a couple of years ago, the unpleasant thought that its days were numbered never occurred to me. But the windows now are so dusty and rain-streaked and plastered with "For Rent" stickers that you cannot see inside, no matter from what angle you peer, and there is a padlock on the door.

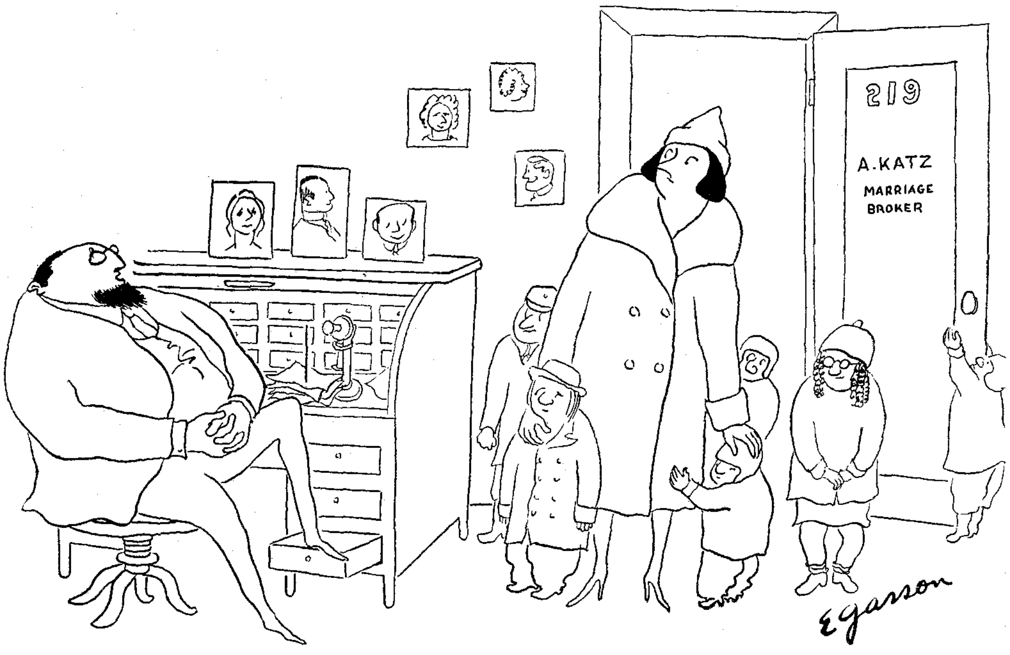
Dick's prospered as a lock-and-chain speakeasy throughout prohibition; after repeal it became one of the most lawless saloons in the city. Early last year, however, when Dick opened his new place, things changed. Dick began obeying the New York State Liquor Authority's regulations one by one: he refused to let his customers shake dice on the bar for rounds of drinks; he refused to put drinks on the tab; he refused to sell liquor by the bottle. In the old days Dick was an absolutely independent man. He was delighted when he got an opportunity to tell a customer to go to hell. He and his bartenders, in fact, usually acted as if they loathed their customers and the customers liked it because it made them feel at home; most of them were men who were made ill at ease by solicitude or service. When Dick started abiding by the liquor laws, however, a hunted look appeared on his fat, Neapolitan face. He began to cringe and bow and shake hands with the customers, and he would even help them on with their coats. When they finished eating, he would go over, smile with effort, and ask, "Was the pot roast O.K.?" In the old days he never acted that way. If someone complained about a gristly steak or a baked potato raw in the middle, he would grunt and say, "If you don't like my grub, you don't have to eat in here. I'd just as soon I never saw you again."

THE change in Dick reflects the innovations in his new saloon, which is six blocks away from the old one—a big, classy place with a chromium and glass-brick front, a neon sign in four colors, a mahogany bar, a row of chromium bar stools with red-leather seats like those in the uptown cocktail lounges, a kitchen full of gleaming copper pots, a moody chef who once worked in Moneta's, a printed menu with French all over it, and seven new brands of Scotch. He told the bartenders they would have to shave every morning and made them put on starched white coats. For several days thereafter they looked clean and aloof, like people when they first get out of the hospital. The place was so stylish that Dick did not, for good luck, frame the first dollar bill passed across the bar; he framed the first five-dollar bill.

Dick's regular customers had always been clannish—hanging together two and three deep at the end of the bar near the greasy swinging door to the kitchen—and some of them began to congregate at the fancy bar in Dick's new place. Here they resented everything. They snickered at the French on the menu, they sneered at the bartenders in their starched white coats. One of them waved a menu in Dick's face. "What the hell does this mean," he demanded, "this here 'Country Sausage Gastronome'?" The question made Dick uncomfortable. "It means meat sauce," he said.

Before the night of the grand opening was half over, one of the customers, an amateur minister who used to preach regularly in the old place, climbed up on the shiny new bar and began to deliver a revival sermon. He had given his text for the evening and was shouting "Where will ye spend eternity, you dirty bums?" when Dick caught sight of him. "Oh, my God!" he screamed. "Do you want to ruin me? I can't have such monkey business in here. I got a big investment in here." There was so much genuine agony in his voice that the saloon preacher jumped down from his pulpit and apologized. Thereupon the old customers felt sorry for Dick. Sitting behind his bar on a busy night in the old joint, Dick used to have the aplomb of a sow on her belly in a bog, but in the new place he soon became apprehensive and haggard. One night the kitchen door swung open and the old customers saw Dick bent over a big ledger, struggling with his cost accounting. From the look on his face they knew he was quite sick of the chromium stools and the French menu. "He don't like this joint, either," one of them said. From then on they would tone down anyone who started to holler and throw glasses when Dick insisted on obeying the letter and the spirit of one of the alcohol laws. "After all," they would say, "he's got a big investment in here. He don't want to lose his licence." However, no matter how big the investment, I never felt the same about the new Dick's.

When he is asked why he moved, Dick grunts and mutters, "It was time to change the sheets," but I have learned that he opened the new place only because he wanted a bigger kitchen. Soon after he made up his mind to move, however, a salesman for a bar-fixtures concern got hold of him and sold him a bill of goods. I believe that bar-equipment salesmen have done more to destroy the independence and individuality of New York gin mills and their customers than prohibition or repeal; there is nothing that will make a gin mill look so cheap and spurious as a modernistic



"Leave your name and address, and if something turns up I'll get in touch with you."

bar and a lot of chairs made of chromium tubing. Dick's old place was dirty and it smelled like the zoo, but it was genuine; his new place is as shiny and undistinguished as a two-dollar alarm clock. The bar-equipment salesman was so relentless that Dick, who merely wanted a bigger kitchen, ended up by keeping nothing from the old place but the big, greasy, iron safe and a framed and fly-specked photograph of Charles A. Lindbergh. He even threw away all the photographs of Lupe Velez, his favorite movie actress. He used to have about a dozen pictures of Miss Velez tacked up on the wall, and sometimes he would gaze at one of them, shake his head, and say, "I would crawl a mile over broken beer bottles just to get one look at her in the flesh."

Dick is proud of his new kitchen. Food always interested him more than alcohol. He used to say, "I keep an A-1 kitchen." Once I saw him stand at the bar and eat a nine-pound turkey the chef had cooked for the luncheon trade. Dick had intended to eat only a drumstick, but when he finished the whole turkey was gone. Maxie, the tub-bellied head bartender, watched admiringly as Dick dismantled the turkey. "The boss sure does have a passion for groceries," he said. Even in the old days Dick often put strange dishes on his mimeographed menu. He had a friend who worked in a soup cannery up the street and one day the friend gave him a bucket of turtle livers. Dick put them on the menu. A customer said, "Well, that's something I never et." He ordered them, and while he ate, Dick watched intently. When the man put down his fork Dick went over to his table.

"How were them turtle livers?" he asked.

The customer deliberated for a moment.

"Fact of the matter is," he said, "they were kind of unusual."

"Well," said Dick proudly, "I want you to know that you're the first man in New York to eat turtle livers, so far as I know."

The customer shuddered.

A few nights ago I saw turtle livers on the menu in the new place. They were listed as "Pâté de Foie de Tortue Verte." Until I saw those pretentious words I never fully realized how dead and gone were the days when Dick was the plain-spoken proprietor of a dirty, lawless, back-street gin mill. I am aware that it is childish, but sometimes, leaning against the spick-and-span new bar, I am overcome by nostalgia for the gutter; I long for a "cabaret night" in

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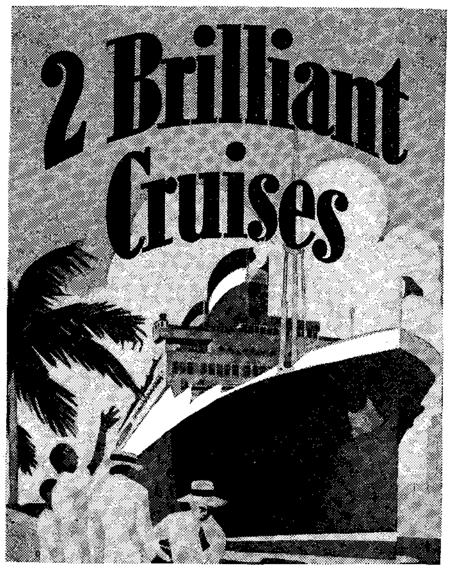

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Dick's old place. Friday was pay day in many of the offices and factories in the neighborhood and Friday night was "cabaret night" in Dick's. A beery old saloon musician would show up with an accordion and a mob of maudlin rummies would surround him to sing hymns and Irish songs. The place would be full of hard-drinking, pretty stenographers from the financial district, and they would be dragged off the bar stools to dance on the tiled floor. The dancers would grind peanut hulls under their shoes, making a strange, scratchy noise.

Some of the drunks would try to push the bar over, putting their shoulders to it and heaving-to as they hummed the "Volga Boatmen." Dick often threatened to use a seltzer siphon on their heads. "I'll knock some sense in your heads someday, you goats!" he would yell at his straining customers. He once classified the nuts in his place as the barwalkers, the firebugs, the weepers, and the Carusos. The barwalker was a type of drunk who was not happy unless he was up on the sagging bar, arms akimbo, dancing a Cossack dance and kicking over glasses of beer. The most unusual barwalker was the ordinarily dignified city editor of an afternoon newspaper. He would crawl up and down the bar, making a peculiar, dreadful screech. Dick was always fascinated by him. One night he stared at him and said, "What in the hell is that noise you're making?" The city editor stopped screeching for a moment. "I'm a tree frog," he said, happily. The firebugs were those who found it impossible to spill whiskey on the bar without setting it afire. The bartenders would come running and slap out the fitful blue flames with bar towels. One drunk used to pour whole glasses of brandy on the bar and ignite it just to hear Dick yell. Once Dick hit this firebug over the head with a seltzer siphon. The blow would have fractured the firebug's skull if he hadn't been wearing a derby.

On those lovely, irretrievable nights a kind of mass hysteria would sweep through the establishment. The customers would tire of singing and dancing and shaking dice. There would be a lull. Then, all of a sudden, they would start bellowing and throwing their drinks on the floor. Arguments would commence. Someone would shout, "Take off your glasses!" One night an ambulance from Broad Street Hospital had to come and get two men who had differed over which had the more nourishment in it: buttermilk or beer. As in a comic strip, the air on other occasions would be full of missiles. Once a cus-

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

tomer who had been standing moodily at the bar for hours suddenly let go with a little, heavy-bottomed whiskey glass and knocked a big, jagged hole in the mirror behind the bar. Maxie, the bartender, dodged out of the way. Then he remembered that the mirror cost fifty-five dollars. "Dick's going to dock me a week's pay because I ducked," said Maxie, groaning.

On cabaret nights one customer, a stout merchant from the Fulton Fish Market, would go off in a corner by himself, smiling happily, and lead an invisible jazz band, using a swizzle stick for a baton and sometimes yelling at an invisible trombone player, "Get hot, you bum!" Another customer, a tall, emaciated accountant, would hold up whatever object he got his hands on first and shout, "How much am I offered? Going, going, gone! Sold to that big dope over there with a cigar in his mouth." The accountant's name was Peterson, but Dick always called him Mr. St. Peter because he was so thin and old. Mr. St. Peter lived in a furnished room and spent whole days and nights in Dick's. Dick used to say that he had a bar-rail foot, that his right foot had become twisted by resting on the rail so much. Dick would point at him proudly and say, "Look at old Mr. St. Peter. When he goes home he walks on one heel." Mr. St. Peter's principal failing was an inability to make up his mind. For years he complained about the rolls in Dick's, wanting the poppy-seed variety. Dick finally ordered some and at lunch Mr. St. Peter said, "These sure are fine rolls." A moment later he added, "And then again, they ain't."

When he got tired of imitating an auctioneer, Mr. St. Peter would sidle over to the coat rack and slip such objects as beer pads and salt shakers into people's overcoat pockets. In Dick's, the customers wandered in and out of the kitchen at will, and once Mr. St. Peter got a mackerel out of the icebox and slipped it into someone's pocket. One cabaret night Dick got suspicious of Mr. St. Peter and found that the thin, undernourished rummy had slipped enough food into his own pockets to last him several days. In the old man's ragged overcoat Dick found eight cans of sardines and a big hunk of Swiss cheese. Dick was not angry. He was amused. "Mr. St. Peter reminds me," he said, "of a squirrel storing away nuts for a rainy day." In one stage of drunkenness Mr. St. Peter would spray people with a Flit gun; once he took the fire extinguisher off the kitchen wall and came out with it going full blast. Mr.

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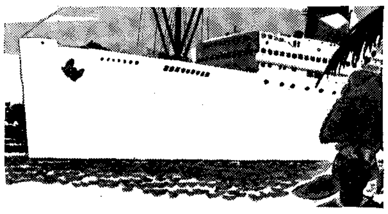
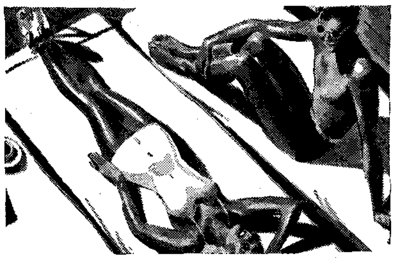


nial companions. Delight in the deck sports and open air pool—the comfort of your *outside* stateroom—the magnificent meals and entertainment which includes a fine orchestra and sound movies. You'll see strange places . . . as bizarre as they are beautiful. › › › *Every*



Saturday there's a cruise to Costa Rica with 2 calls at Havana and a visit to the Panama Canal Zone (15 Days—$210 up). . . *Every Wednesday* a cruise to Puerto Colombia (Barranquilla) and Cartagena, Colombia, South America with 2 calls at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

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St. Peter showed up for the grand opening night in Dick's new place, but I never saw him there again. I don't think he felt at home.

It was dangerous to pass out in Dick's old gin mill on a cabaret night. His customers thought there was nothing quite so funny as an unconscious man. They would strip him of his clothes and outfit him in a waiter's uniform or whatever garments, including raincoats, they could find in the lockers in the kitchen. Then they would stuff his pockets full of cryptic notes and drag him up the block, depositing him in a doorway and forgetting all about him. When the man woke up he would begin to scream and would never be the same again. I kept some of the slips one victim found in his pockets. They include the following: "The Shadow called. Said for you to call back." "Well, old boy, I guess your number is up this time." "Thursday afternoon at three. Make haste. Too late." One man woke up with a rope around his neck.

THERE are never any good fist fights among the dried-up, mannerly men and women who hang out in Dick's new place. In the old saloon people were always slugging away at each other. The only rule of behavior Dick ever tried to enforce was "No fights outside on the street. It don't look nice. I don't want my store to get a bad name." (Like many old-fashioned saloonkeepers, Dick always referred to his place as "the store.") When a particularly violent cabaret-night seizure struck the gin mill, Dick usually locked the doors, knowing from experience that each newcomer would be infected with the hysteria and join right in. Dick was the only one to worry. He would yell, "I'm having a nervous breakdown! Lock the doors!" Maxie was never unnerved. He would sometimes grin at the antics of a customer, shake his head, and say, "This place is a regular Bellevue Island." Once, in the middle of a furious Thanksgiving Eve, I saw him hunched over the bar reading a sports section and peacefully singing a song he learned in public school: "Glow, little glowworm, glisten, glisten."

In the new place, dressed like a drug clerk, Maxie is called a sourpuss, but he laughed a lot in the old days. Nothing amused him so much as a customer with a hangover. "Did the Brooklyn boys get you?" he would ask. He would sing, "Shut the door, they're coming through the window. Shut the window, they're coming through the door." The suffering customer would shudder and beseech

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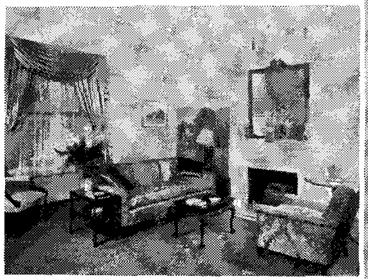

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him to stop, but Maxie would keep on singing. "My God," he would wind up, triumphantly, "they're coming through the floor!"

Dick's old place was isolated; at night the streets surrounding it were deserted. Consequently there was always the fear of a holdup. When Maxie had the late trick and things were dull, he would take the money out of the cash register, hide it under the bar in a trash bucket, stretch out on the bar, and go to sleep, using his rolled-up overcoat for a pillow. "Let the robbers come," he would say, yawning. If more customers arrived, they would have to put pieces of ice in his ears to arouse him.

You never hear any conversation worth listening to in Dick's new place. In the old gin mill, when the customers got tired of whooping and sat down to talk to each other, they really had something to say. I remember a conversation I heard between two drunks in Dick's.

"So this friend of yours died, you mean?"

"Sure, she was murdered."

"How do you know she was murdered?"

"If you're murdered, you die, don't you, for God's sake?"

For a moment the two men were quiet, thinking.

"I'm preparing evidence," said the friend of the dead woman.

"What you got to do with it?"

"I'm afraid they might suspect me."

"Why should they suspect you?"

"Well, I'm getting everything ready in case they do."

OBEYING the law spoiled Dick. Now he is just another gloomy small businessman, the same one day as the next. In the old days he was unpredictable. One night he would be as generous as a happy idiot, next night he would be stingy, setting up no drinks on the house at all.

Usually, when a customer came in, Dick would be expansive. He would call the customer by his first name and inquire about his health. However, if the customer got short of cash and began to put drinks on the tab, Dick would become distant in manner. His hearing would seem to fail. Soon he would begin using the customer's last name and putting an emphatic "*Mister*" in front of it. After a while the customer would be a total stranger to Dick. Then all Dick's civility would vanish and he would call the customer "You bum" or "You goat." If the customer got angry and said, "I'll never come into this place again," Dick's fat face would harden

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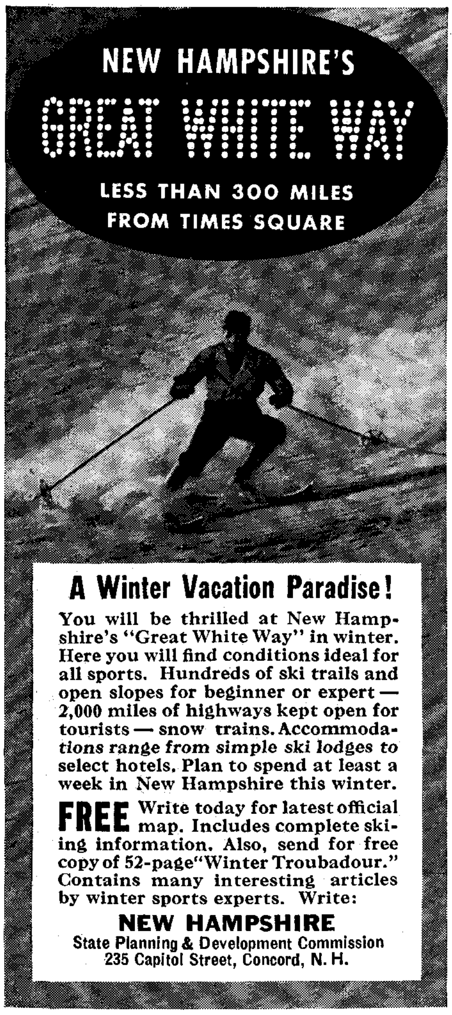

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and he would lean forward and say, "*Will you put that in writing?*"

One time Dick got drunk. Ordinarily Dick was able to withstand an enormous amount of liquor, but this time he got drunk. He had mixed up a big tub of May wine on a warm day and had sampled the brew as he mixed it. He developed fits of laughter, as though he were a schoolgirl with her first drink. The customers who came in looked funny to him. He pointed at them, slapped a thigh, and shook with laughter. Somebody suggested that he should buy drinks for everybody if he felt that good and he sobered up immediately. However, even on his stingy nights, Dick always gave a quarter to the grim Salvation Army women who came into the place, half-heartedly shaking tambourines. And I always liked the way he treated the scrubwomen from the skyscrapers in the financial district who would come in the place late at night for beer. Dick used to give them gin and say, "This is on the house. Drink hearty." He knew the old women really wanted gin but could not afford it.

You had to respect Dick, too, when you saw the way he behaved when one of his customers died. He would order a big, expensive wreath. Just before the funeral he and Maxie and the other bartenders would take off their aprons and shave themselves carefully at the sink in the kitchen. Then they would put on dark suits, and with solemn looks on their faces, they would get into Dick's automobile and go to the funeral, leaving the gin mill in the hands of the cook. Sometimes, particularly on dull, rainy nights, Dick would close up early and take all the customers left in the place to a burlesque show or to a basement chow-mein restaurant in Chinatown. He would take along a couple of bottles of Scotch and pay all the bills.

In the old days Dick often took part in the incessant dice game. He was an intense gambler. "This ain't ping-pong," he would yell when an unsteady player rolled the dice off the uneven bar. In the old gin mill they used to gamble for drinks and for money every night, but around Thanksgiving and Christmas they would have pig and turkey pools. For a quarter, a customer would get three throws of the dice. The dice would be thrown into a soup dish. After a certain number of games the customer with the highest score would get a live turkey or a suckling pig. One Christmas Dick kept the suckling pig in the window of the gin mill. The man who won the pig lifted it out of the window and named it Dick. He took off his necktie and tied

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it around the pig's belly. Then he lost interest in the pig and it ran around the saloon for hours, squealing and sniffing at the customers' shoes. Late that night the customer took the pig home with him in a taxicab. The customer lived in a hotel, and he put the pig in his bathroom. Next morning his wife found the pig and telephoned the A.S.P.C.A. to come and take it away.

The customers in the old place were always playing jokes on Dick. One night a man left the saloon, ostensibly to buy some aspirin. Instead, he went up the street to a telephone booth and called Dick, posing as a gangster. Warning Dick that he would have to pay for protection in the future, the customer said that two of the boys would be around to collect and for Dick to have fifty dollars in five-dollar bills ready to hand over. Otherwise it would be just too bad. Dick came out of the telephone booth with a frightened look on his face. After a while two strangers *did* happen to come in. They ordered beers. Trembling, Dick served them with the utmost courtesy. He had the money ready to hand over. When they finished their beers, the strangers went out, leaving two dimes on the bar. Dick sighed with relief. Presently one of the customers said, "Say, Dick, have you heard about the trick a lot of drunks have been playing on bartenders? They call them up and pose as gangsters. They tell them they have to pay protection or it will be just too bad."

"Yeh?" said Dick, his face brightening.

"Yeh," said the customer. "It's going on all over town. I'm surprised they haven't tried it on you."

"Yeh," said Dick, laughing heartily. "I'm surprised, too."

His worried look vanished. He even bought a round of drinks.

"Say, Dick," said the customer, after a while, "what would you do if some gangsters really tried to shake you down, God forbid?"

"Why," said Dick, "if any of them bums ever came in here I would knock their heads off. I would take one crack at them and they would fall down dead."

The customers in Dick's flossy new place do not play such jokes on him. If they tried it, Dick would probably rush to the telephone and call up Mr. Thomas E. Dewey. —Joseph Mitchell

•

Bert—I Understand Perfectly, but please let me know where you are at once. Love. E. (wife).—*The Times.*

Oh, *that* E!

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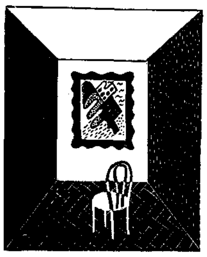
THE ART GALLERIES

Two First Solos—Jacob Getlar Smith—Some Others

THE holiday week passed off peacefully in the galleries; at least, it brought no big and resoundingly "important" exhibitions to our attention. There were, however, a number of less pretentious openings, including a couple of first one-man shows—these by Bernice Cross and Arthur Silz—that I think you'll find worth looking into. Miss Cross's work, on view at the Contemporary Arts, belongs in the field of what might be called Neo-Expressionist painting, less abstract than calligraphic, which has Klee as perhaps its principal inspiration and a host of other influences, including the Japanese, behind that. But there's no point in poring too ponderously over Miss Cross's origins; the result is a set of charmingly adroit little canvases, many of them apparently only a step away from child art in their scrawly design and seeming formlessness, but full of sly whimsicality and sharp observation for all that.



Miss Cross's best piece, I think, is the "School House," in which a pot-bellied stove, a bare yellow floor, and a cluster of children around an angular, black-skirted teacher—all seen from an angle impossible unless the spectator were perched in the rafters of the building—somehow slyly convey, with almost a minimum of artistic effort, the tiredness and tedium of classes in a country school. There are others, like "The Farm," and "From the South," with its stylized pickaninnies roosting on the porch of a sketched-in shanty, in which she displays again her gift for ironic simplification. Her failures so far are her more ambitious pieces, such as the "Mountain Children" and her "Interior." This latter particularly, a study of three girls seated at table under lamplight and much more tender in its intention than most of her work, has a kind of textural fuzziness that makes one think the artist still has something to learn about color application, while a wider palette, making use of the cooler tones to balance the predominant reds and yellows she now uses, would have added depth and solidity to the scene.

Arthur Silz, at the Hudson D. Walker, is a first soloist only as far as New York is concerned; a German refugee, he had, it happens, painted and exhibited successfully in Berlin for some years before coming to this country, and his work, both in treatment and range of subject matter, shows considerable maturity and assurance in consequence. Unfortunately, there is a trace of unexcitingness in it, too. This is a little difficult to define, but it appears to lie chiefly in a certain stiffness of design that runs through his canvases; if one looks past that at the quality of the painting itself—in, for instance, such things as his "Fishing Boats with Nets," with its calm estuary and seemingly simply-arrived-at sense of atmospheric depth, or his more boldly handled cityscape called "White Houses"—it is not hard to perceive the strong painter's skill and fundamentally sensitive vision with which he is equipped. I liked best the ones in which his design ran away with him. Such, I thought, were his "Brownstone Mansion in Wintertime," and the "Fishing Boats before High Dunes," in which the single yellow cloud adds so much to the ominousness of the stormy scene. There's a head, too, called "Finnish Girl," among the five or six figure studies presented, that has a surprising degree of simple strength and poignancy.

JACOB GETLAR SMITH'S water colors, at the Midtown, are almost all landscapes, and all are scenes in the Erwinna-New Hope section of eastern Pennsylvania. This gives a pleasant sense of unity to the collection, and since Mr. Smith shows unfailing inventiveness in the handling of his subjects, it leads to no feeling of repetitiousness, either; instead, as you look round at the views of hilltop and valley farms, small Dutch churchyards, canal locks, and meadowy vistas, you get the impression of a truly comprehensive artistic survey of the region and its varying moods. Mr. Smith, I must remark, shows in his water colors the same tendency to "overwork" his material he reveals in his oils, and this gives his paintings at times a somewhat tormented texture, particularly in the treatment of foliage. Perhaps for the same reason there are moments, too, when his color has a more than natural complexity, as if he had got his own vision mixed up a little with that of Cézanne's, to the ultimate advantage of neither. But his approach to his subjects throughout is sound, sincere, and sympathetic, and a good many of the paintings—among others, his solidly designed

"Canal Lock," and the spacious "Summer's End," with its tarpaulin-topped haystacks and the trees just the right dead green that they get before the leaves turn—represent really notable successes.

THERE are a number of exhibitions still to be mentioned. At the Federal Art Gallery they're having a show of drawings, gouaches, sculptures, and other works by New York children in the free art classes of the WPA. There are no masterpieces, of course, except possibly in the eyes of the parents. (The age of the two hundred-odd young artists represented averages around twelve years.) But the gift children have for vivid color and the joy they have in using it make the painting section lively and amusing, while the amount of vigor and true freedom of expression that's visible everywhere is amazing. In that sense, at least, the show is one to ponder over. If the WPA can pick up that much talent in the streets, so to speak, and develop it, even if the development is only toward a fuller artistic appreciation, it seems to me it will have more than justified itself. . . . The French Art Galleries add another to the long list of shows we've had this season of the French Impressionists. This one contains twenty-seven canvases, covering the ground from Degas to Sisley, but it's Pissarro and Renoir who furnish the standouts—the first with a lovely, soft, summery landscape called "Pommiers à Eragny," the latter with a really superb figure study called "La Frivolité." . . . Lena Gurr, at the A.C.A., is showing a collection of oils, mainly of city-genre subjects. Well observed for the most part, and understandingly handled, these suffer only from a certain lack of integration in her design, so that—as in her nocturne, "Broadway," and her "Sunday Funnies"—the foreground figures are presented, as it were, in full focus, while the background appears merely as a screen let down behind them. The show closes, incidentally, this Saturday.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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Dear Honor Student Alumnus: On Big Game Day, Saturday, November 19, a buffet luncheon is being held in International House Auditorium. . . . Solve the parking problem and avoid the heavy traffic by coming to the game early. . . . Bring your friends (regardless of their grade point average) or plan to meet them in the foyer.—*Letter from Honor Student Association, University of California.*

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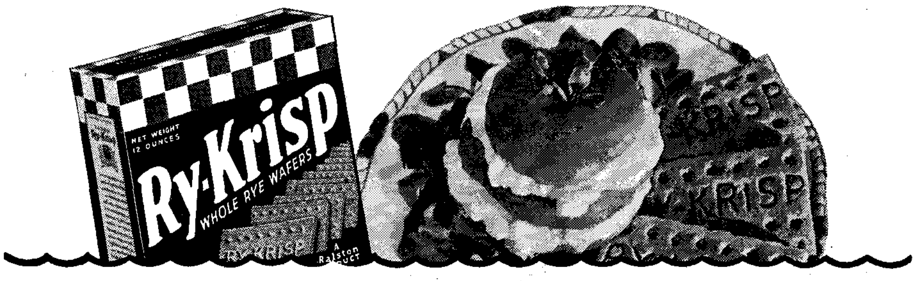

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HORMEL
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HORMEL

French Style

ONION SOUP

AT HOME WITH THE PALEYS

I AM pretty sore at the William S. Paleys. They will be surprised to hear this, if they do, because they don't know me and I don't know them. I do know, of course, that Mr. Paley is the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and that Mrs. Paley is a member of café society in good repute. Unless *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* have been misinforming me, she is even a friend of Elsa Maxwell's. I am not a friend of Elsa Maxwell's, and the reason I am sore at the Paleys is that a while ago I went to call on them, in their own home, and they were out. I had seen in the papers that on a certain afternoon it would be possible for anyone—anyone with six dollars, that is—to visit half a dozen charming hostesses in their own salons. The money, I read, would go to the Neighborhood Playhouse Scholarship Fund, and it seemed like a worthy cause. I sent in my six dollars and received a nice printed card of admission—to six houses, I thought expectantly, full of gay people, sparkling repartee, and tall, tinkling glasses. Lily Pons and Elizabeth Arden were on the list, but I preferred to call upon the Paleys. I wanted to see Mr. Paley standing hostlike in the background, muttering about Martians while his wife passed the *pâté de foie gras*, looking just like a picture out of El Morocco. When I got there, the only thing I found that reminded me at all of El Morocco was a large carpet made of zebra skins, running up a staircase. There was not a sign of Mr. Paley, Mrs. Paley, Elsa Maxwell, or the Countess di Zoppola.

As a matter of fact, when my cab pulled up at the house I thought for a moment I was at the wrong address. Beekman Place is a section I rarely get to, and there wasn't a limousine parked within twenty yards of the door my driver pointed to, but the number 29 was unmistakably on it, so I went in, across a tarpaulin that had been thrown over the front steps to protect the Paley threshold from such humble feet as mine. The door was open, and when I went in there was no sound of carefree banter, no gentle hum of conversation. Not even an exploding flash bulb. There were simply two bored ladies sitting at a table in the entrance, in neither of whose faces I recognized those lovely characteristics that have endeared Mrs. Paley to many a rotogravure reader like myself. "This *is* Mrs. Paley's, isn't it?" I asked for reassurance.

"Yes," said one of the ladies, looking at me peculiarly. "Have you a card?"

I produced it and they examined it critically, checked it with a list in front of them, and then handed it back to me. They had more or less the attitude of women selling doughnuts at a charity bazaar—women who had had no particular desire to make the doughnuts in the first place and knew they tasted like old cloth.

One of the ladies said, with no great enthusiasm, "I guess you'll want to see the rooms down here," and let me peer briefly into what appeared to be a reception room and a dining room. Then she led me to the foot of the zebra-striped stairs. I stood there for a moment, waiting for something to happen, and she said, "Well, don't you want to go up?" I nodded, and she called "June, coming up!" and went back to her table.

June was a girl in a reddish-brown dress, with a tassel on her hat. Neither of us could think of anything to say when we met on the second-floor landing, beside a large potted plant, so I took out a cigarette. "Oh, you can't do that," she said apologetically. "We aren't allowed to smoke here." Then she led me into the living room, a chamber containing a number of fragile knickknacks and, in one corner, a pair of orchids growing in a pot. There were a lot of modern paintings, too. In this and the other rooms, I saw and admired works by Cézanne, Matisse, Derain, Picasso, Degas, Gauguin, and Cecil Beaton. Beaton's were photographs, mostly of Mrs. Paley, and all signed with his name in prominent red letters. One stood near a sketch of Mrs. Paley—by Picasso, I think, or maybe by Matisse. In both portraits she was shown with her chin resting in her hand, and June drew my attention to the coincidence. "Notice that same lethargic, contented look," she said. It was the only information anyone there offered me about my absent hostess's character.

"Where is Mrs. Paley?" I asked.

"She's away somewhere," said June matter-of-factly. "She spends most of her time in the country."

Then June led me into the library, where my hopes rose at the sight of a table laden with bottles of whiskey and soda water. June didn't say anything about them, though, and I noticed that they were all unopened. I guess they were meant to stay that way.

"Well," said June, "that's that. . . . Polly, coming up!"

I recognized my cue and climbed

another flight. Polly was an amiable, harassed-looking brunette with a corsage of wilting gardenias. She greeted me with "My God, what I'd give for a cigarette!"

I suggested that we go outside and have one, but she wouldn't do it. "I have to stay here till someone comes to relieve me," she said. "It's not that we don't trust people, but you know, they might burn holes in the furniture. My mother always used to worry about me burning holes in her furniture."

I nodded sympathetically. "You're a friend of the Paleys, I suppose?"

"Lord, no. Never saw the place before. I just came down from Elizabeth Arden's and they stuck me up here," she said.

Polly then showed me the ingenious devices by which the Paley art is lighted. For instance, should Mr. Paley be in his bedroom and want to meditate upon a Matisse, all he has to do is throw a switch and flash! there's a Matisse, all nicely and directly illuminated. The wiring system in the house is so contrived that almost every painting has its own tiny spotlight concealed in a molding or an end table. God knows what would happen if the Paleys decided to redecorate. Mr. Paley also has three telephones to play with at his bedside, which I daresay is more than Mr. Lohr of N.B.C. has. The most distinguishing feature of Mrs. Paley's bedroom is her bed. It's a tremendous four-poster affair with a silvery canopy and mirrored posts. It looks as if a queen might have died in it.

In Mrs. Paley's bedroom there is also a growing camellia plant and other flora that at first sight appear to be growing right out of the top of a table. The pots are built in. But her dressing room and bath are the killer-dillers. They are all done in mirrors, and when you sit at the dressing table, as I did at Polly's invitation, you see yourself not only from all sides but from above as well. I don't know how Mrs. Paley feels in the morning, but I'd hate to wake up and have to look down at the top of my own head. Mr. Paley's bathroom has no more than an ordinary quota of mirrors, but it has a radio in it—the only one I saw in the house.

THERE was still another flight of stairs leading up from the third floor, but Polly barred the way. "I'd like to let you go up," she said, "but the children are there. I keep hearing them shuffling around; makes me nervous."

It was nice to know there was a Paley in the house, but since it was evi-

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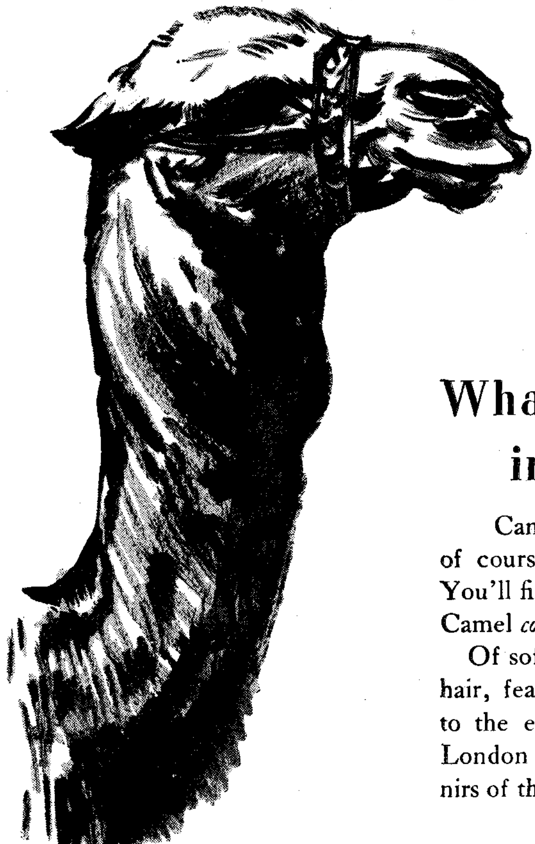

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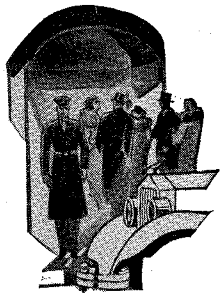

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dent that I wasn't going to get to see even a little one, I started downward. When I reached June again, she had two strangers in tow: a young man whom I took to be an interior decorator, and a young lady who looked as if she had just stepped out of the nearest branch of the Y.W.C.A. She was probably an applicant for one of those Neighborhood Playhouse scholarships, and I could see my six dollars making it possible for her to play Desdemona, with a slight lisp. It was a discouraging thought, but still these were fellow-visitors, and I joined them for a moment in the library. The girl had just made a remark about some white upholstered chairs and a matching couch, I gathered.

"They come from Russia, I think," she was saying.

"Not Russia!" exclaimed the young man in a voice of horror. "Nothing good comes from Russia."

"Well, I was told they come from Russia," said the girl stubbornly.

"Maybe they come from Georgia," said the young man hopefully.

I went outside then to have a cigarette, and I didn't go back. If I ever call on the Paleys again, they had better be home. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

FORECAST OF NEWS FEATURES FOR 1939

ARRIVAL of a letter at its destination twenty-five years after it had been mailed.

Meeting of sisters for first time in thirty years and the discovery that they had been living around the corner from each other all this time.

Arrest of a mendicant and the finding of thousand-dollar bills sewed in his clothes.

Photographs of people bathing in the ocean on the coldest day of the year.

Return of ten cents (plus interest for fifteen years) to corporation by conscience-stricken former employee.

Photographs of lost children in police stations wearing the desk sergeant's cap.

Discovery by a husband that the "woman" he had been married to for ten years is a man.

Statement by sweepstakes winner that he will remain at his twenty-dollar-a-week position.

Photograph of the fifty-year-old man and the twelve-year-old girl who were married in a hillbilly community.

Photograph of the two-year-old child who chews tobacco and smokes cigars.

—NEIL MCCARTHY

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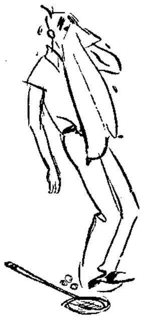
COURT GAMES

Our Idling Ladies—That Class A Upset

THE decline of women's squash and the passing of the Class A Squash Racquets Team Championship from the Harvard Club to the University Club have been the chief topics of locker-room conversation recently. Nine years ago this month, disguised as a fencing master, we witnessed the Junior League's first squash-racquets engagement—a close affair with the Colony Club, marked by a good deal of confusion and by a number of last-minute substitutions, which were later declared not exactly legal. During the next few years, the game was taken up with increasing enthusiasm by débutantes and the more agile Married Maidens, but in the last year or two a decline has set in. The Colony Club courts no longer resound to the cries of players, and it looks as though some of the other ladies' courts might better be devoted to amateur theatricals or flooded for ice skating. The Heights Casino, in a rather sweeping gesture, has defaulted all of its women's matches this season because of lack of interest, and the other Wednesday afternoon four out of seven matches scheduled between the Junior League and a catch-all team known as the Independents was also cancelled. The same day, Rockaway Hunting's female team defaulted to some ladies who live on Staten Island, thus giving the latter their fourth gameless victory out of five scheduled matches. The approach of Christmas may have had something to do with this, but in general women's squash has been suffering from a collapse variously attributed to acts of God, financial retrenchment, and lack of leadership. "There hasn't been any leadership since Mrs. Hendrick dropped out of the game," a student of squash trends told us.



Among the few bright spots is Dorothy Gray's beauty salon, which has one of the best courts in the city. As part of the treatment, squash is prescribed to stir up circulation before a body massage. "Squash sugar-coats the pill," says Miss Blanche Genet, directress of the salon and no mean player herself. George Cummings, the professional at the University Club, gives lessons at Dorothy Gray's in the morning, one of his most faithful pupils being Mrs. Alfred Knopf. Late in the afternoon, when the coast is clear, the president of the Dorothy Gray company and some of his friends usually get in a few games.

THE University Club's defeat of Harvard for the Class A title was something of an upset and was due in part to the comparatively poor showing this season of Germain Glidden, who has been national champion three times. Glidden beat Herbert Lancaster of University in the final team match, but, because of his defeats earlier in the year by Hunter Lott, Jr., and Donald Strachan, he was playing No. 2 instead of No. 1. Glidden's accustomed place was taken by Donald M. Frame, who lost to Bernard Ridder. Ridder was captain of the Princeton University team last year and is probably the most expert of the younger players, but it's doubtful whether he could have beaten the Glidden of a year or two ago. The crucial match was Sam Cochran, Jr.'s, defeat of S. E. Davenport III, of Harvard, in which the final game was won at 18–17. Davenport took the first two rather easily but then seemed to tire, while Cochran continued to run around in an indomitable way. Incidentally, gallery mathematicians were surprised to find Lancaster, who ranked No. 19 at the end of last season, playing No. 2 on the University Club team, while Cochran, whose metropolitan ranking is No. 4, played behind him at No. 3.

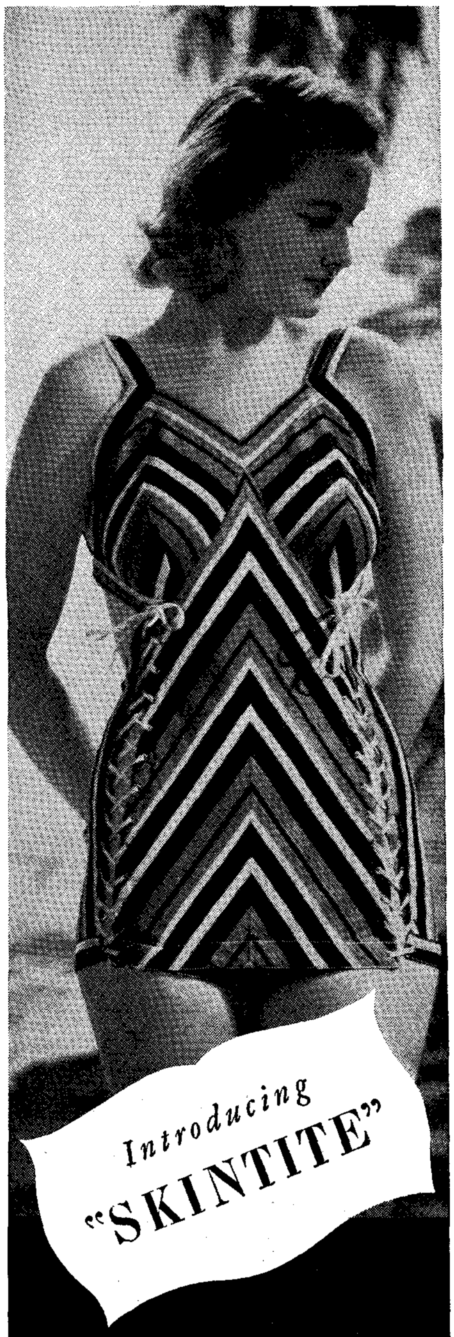
HERE AND THERE: Robert Reeve, of Bayside, who won the Fall Class B and C Squash Tennis Tournaments, is part of one of Bayside's two father-and-son combinations. The other consists of the Frank A. Sievermans, Jr. and III, both of whom play on the A team.... George Cummings and Frank Ward beat Tom Iannicelli and Johnny Skillman in an all-professional exhibition match which inaugurated the new courts at Apawamis the other day. Cummings is celebrating his twentieth anniversary at the University Club, and looks about half his age. —G. T. H.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Sunday Mirror*]

"We get along swell," he said, "no trouble except that time four years ago in a Hoboken hotel when I thought she was too friendly with a certain fellow and stabbed her eight times."



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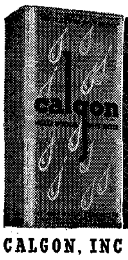

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MY MOTHER HAS PRIME-MINISTER TROUBLE

AS a British subject living in Canada, my mother has always been quite content to leave governmental matters to No. 10 Downing Street. It never occurred to her *not* to approve of a Prime Minister until the controversy arose between Edward VIII and Mr. Baldwin. Then, being a romantic, she could not help espousing the cause of the King. When Neville Chamberlain came to office, however, my mother was greatly relieved. Mr. Chamberlain seemed a thoroughly delightful man, and, to atone for her recent defection, she began to follow his affairs with admiring interest.

I did not realize this until I chanced to write her my opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's behavior following the Czechoslovakian crisis. My mother got out her scissors and promptly began clipping from Canadian and British periodicals all articles in defence of Mr. Chamberlain. For many weeks each letter that I received from her was accompanied by a sheaf of pro-Chamberlain cuttings. There were, of course, many dignified editorials from the London *Times*, as well as a weighty batch of news stories reporting Mr. Chamberlain's reception upon his return from Munich. Not even the Canadian press was guilty of gushing, but all the comment had a satisfied tone. The *Times* reproduced a handsome photograph of the King and Mr. Chamberlain, with the Queen and Mrs. Chamberlain, at Buckingham Palace and offered it, suitable for framing, for a shilling. My mother sent this along to me with the somewhat desperate notation, "Very good group photography and the P. M. has such a *kind* face that I don't see *how* you can fail to admire him."

Not very sanguine about an appeal to my better nature, however, my mother continued. The next bunch of clippings contained a U.P. item from abroad, reporting the announcement by the *Paris-Soir* that subscriptions had been opened to buy Premier Chamberlain a "small, simple house near a river in France because he likes fishing." My mother's comment was terse and to the point: "Good idea, but will the French subscribe? They are very close with money."

Praise of Mr. Chamberlain was at its most glowing in the Letters to the London *Times*. I am sure that many types of letter were written, but it pleased my mother to clip those that quoted the classics in their efforts to find terms noble enough to describe the Prime Minister.

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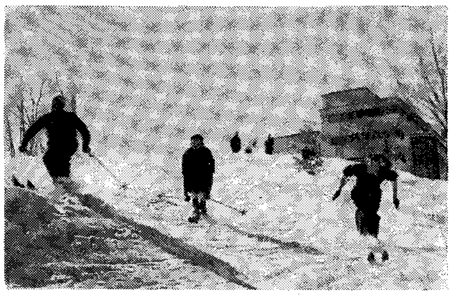

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One letter from a member of the House of Commons suggested that a medallion be struck to commemorate the Munich Pact, adding that "the inscription *Salus Humani Generis* would be far more appropriate in this case than it was on the coins of Augustus and Galba," and that "the Emperor Titus had infinitely less claim to be described as *Amor ac deliciae generis humani* than our own good Prime Minister."

"You see," said my mother with unaccustomed class-consciousness, "it's the *better* classes that are back of Mr. Chamberlain."

WHEN this failed to get me, my mother turned her scissors to the Prime Minister's wife. She sent me pictures of Mrs. Chamberlain doing a spot of embroidery by her fireside, feeding the birds in St. James's Park, and receiving a bouquet from a shy little girl. There was also a long piece from the woman's page of the Montreal *Star*, headed "Great Source of Strength to Her Famous Husband," and another entitled "Shares Prime Minister's Love of Nature." The most recent clipping concerns a Canadian civil servant who happened to be in London recently and who was recognized in a crowd by Mrs. Chamberlain as a man she had nursed at her Birmingham home during the war. "She said some very nice things to me, which I'd rather not repeat," the Canadian said. "They are too precious."

"Quite right," said my mother, and added, "Let him be a *model for Americans.*" —MARION STURGES-JONES

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[*From the Motion Picture Herald*]

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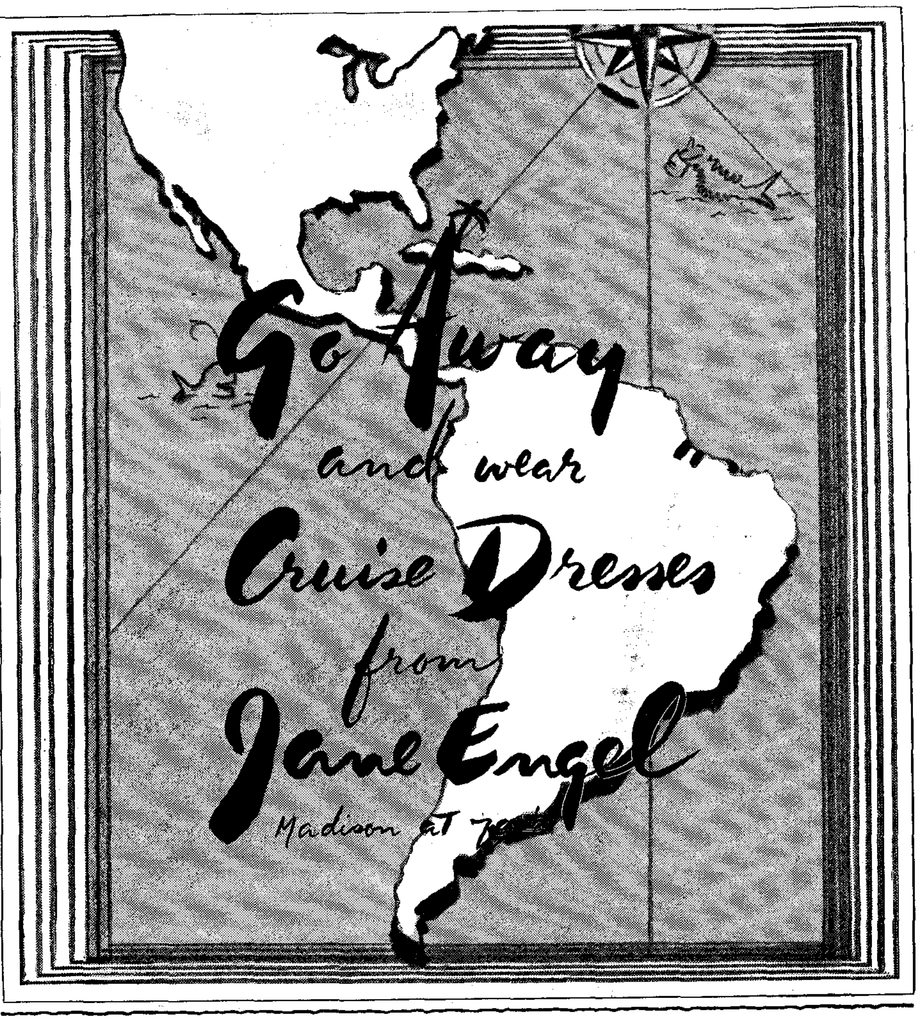

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Piano Concerti, Swing, and Other Staples

STATISTICAL concertgoers may have had a little trouble with the chronological position of Sergei Rachmaninoff's F-sharp-minor piano concerto, which he played last week with the Philharmonic-Symphony, for this concerto was composed in 1891 and remodelled in 1917—after he had written his second and third concerti. As there is a later Rachmaninoff concerto—his fourth—perhaps the revised work should be called concerto No. 3½. Whatever it may be in a strictly correct catalogue, it's pleasant and effective music and Mr. Rachmaninoff played it so brilliantly that it made me hope he didn't discourage other pianists from taking it on. John Barbirolli directed the accompaniment as expertly and enthusiastically as if he had a proprietary interest.

Strauss's "Don Quixote" took up most of the concert before the appearance of Mr. Rachmaninoff. It was a clear presentation of a difficult orchestral assignment and Joseph Schuster managed the 'cello soli neatly and poetically, but it was no performance to erase memories of other "Don Quixotes" by the Philharmonic-Symphony.

FOR its fourth appearance in Carnegie Hall this season, The Philadelphia Orchestra had as its soloist an engaging young pianist, Jacques Abram, who handled MacDowell's second piano concerto with ease, assurance, finesse, and a first-class absence of musical or platform mannerisms.

Among other matters, Eugene Ormandy offered a couple of transcriptions—an andante by Geminiani, fixed up as tuney box-office stuff for strings, harp, and organ by Gino Marinuzzi; and Bach's organ prelude and fugue in B-minor, scored by Lucien Cailliet, who succeeded in approximating an organ effect. However, I had a probably irreverent wish that Mr. Ormandy had been directing Mr. Cailliet's variations on "Pop Goes the Weasel" instead of this regulation specimen of Bach for orchestra.

BACH, Beethoven, Strauss, and Rachmaninoff have been sharing the broad-minded hospitality of Carnegie Hall with such gentlemen as Count Basie and Big Bill. There was a concert of American Negro music, called "From Spirituals to Swing," in which was heard a liberal demonstration of swing, blues, jazz, and the latest art form to capture the attention of serious connoisseurs, boogie-woogie piano-playing. Spirituals were represented by Mitchell's Christian Singers, a quartet with a fascinating repertoire and a not entirely naïve showmanship in presenting it. There was an assortment of amusing or stimulating singing and playing, authoritatively explained by John Henry Hammond, Jr. Boogie-woogie pianism—I may as well add my own definition—seems to be the trick of playing a certain figure almost constantly with the left hand and "noodling" gracefully with the right, continuing with increasing ferocity until the audience cheers. It isn't as easy as pianists may imagine, though.

PAUL WHITEMAN came to Carnegie Hall for his eighth "Experiment in Modern American Music," and directed some of the finest orchestral playing that the Hall ever has housed. As usual—and as Mr. Whiteman must have suspected—the composers haven't yet caught up with the quality of his All-American Band, but there were several items that ought to remain in circulation: Duke Ellington's "Blue Bells of Harlem;" Fred Van Epps' "Quonk," which will delight anyone who doesn't like to have people call him on the phone; Morton Gould's ingenious "Bell Fugue;" and the works of Raymond Scott for his Quintette and the Band.

Deems Taylor, who no doubt is tired of being called "the witty commentator," and who remains the wittiest, urged the audience not to worry about the longevity of this music and to have a good time. That's fine advice for any audience at almost any concert.

SINGERS: Mme. Queena Mario, making her Metropolitan farewell in "Hänsel und Gretel," not only deserved all of the ovation she received but left the soprano who will be the next Gretel in an unenviable spot. Whoever she is, she'll have to be reasonably terrific. . . . Alexander Kipnis, in his Town Hall recital, showed that a bass needn't boom and that a singer who knows how can make *Lieder* exciting without making an exhibition of them—or of himself.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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RAYMOND MASSEY in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S *New Play*
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Evgs. 6:30. Mat. Saturdays 1 P.M. to 5:15

HERMAN SHUMLIN *presents*
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MAX REINHARDT'S PRODUCTION *of*
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GUILD THEA., 52nd St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30
MATINEES THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 2:30

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Zaza and Other Ladies

ALL those properly educated people who were brought up on "Zaza" and Mrs. Leslie Carter may feel that Claudette Colbert's interpretation is a mild affair. Whatever may have happened to the world itself, Drama has grown temperate with the years; even Zoe Akins has made her screen play of the Carter classic suit a gentle public. The tender touch isn't so notable in the early scenes, when Madame Colbert is a rowdy wench and the darling of the music halls of southern France. Quickly enough, though, Love, with a capital "L" and courteous Herbert Marshall, seeps through the gaudy vulgarity of the backstage tussles, and the drama and the leading personalities of the story settle down to the usual tears, recriminations, and renunciations. As Dufresne, a married man and father, Mr. Marshall always seems too good to be true. One can't believe for a moment in his duplicity, and even in the most excitable moments of an excitable Akins drama he seems just a good, honest soul who couldn't hurt a worm. Claudette Colbert, who looks very well indeed in those big, feathered hats and sweeping dustcatchers of the prewar era, works herself up into an occasional tantrum or spasm of nobility as the plot demands, and is also nice in the occasional musical outbursts. Two of the assisting members of the cast enchanted me. Bert Lahr, as the manager and confidential adviser to the distressed lady, blooms in the highest spirits, though his talent balks a bit when he is required to play the part straight and express solemn, friendly sympathy. Helen Westley, that redoubtable veteran of a Theatre Guild experience, probably lends the piece more character than any other person involved. As the stage mother, Zaza's ma, greedy and liquored-up and besequined, Mrs. Westley misses no trick to make the rôle beautiful comedy and give it a mean touch of reality, too.

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP" is a sequel, of course, to that other "Topper," which you must remember as the startling picture in which you saw Constance Bennett and Cary Grant

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GEORGE ABBOTT • RODGERS & HART
MUSICAL COMEDY
The BOYS FROM SYRACUSE
ALVIN
West 52nd St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WHAT A LIFE
by Clifford Goldsmith
with EZRA STONE as Henry Aldrich
MANSFIELD
West 47th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GUTHRIE McCLINTIC presents
ETHEL WATERS in
MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS
By DU BOSE AND DOROTHY HEYWARD
EMPIRE B'way 40 St.
Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Dwight Deere Wiman Production
DENNIS KING VERA ZORINA VIVIENNE SEGAL WALTER SLEZAK
in the RODGERS & HART MUSICAL COMEDY
I MARRIED AN ANGEL
with AUDREY CHRISTIE • CHARLES WALTERS
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with SOPHIE TUCKER *and* TAMARA
Play by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
Music and Lyrics by **COLE PORTER**
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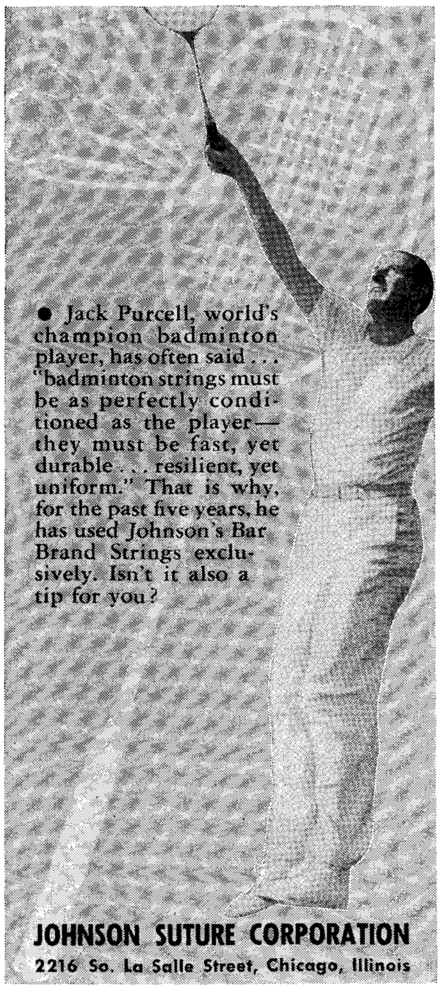

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fade away on the screen right before your eyes. That was one of the droll surprises of the summer of 1937, and a general comfort to all; it seems only right that we should have another of the species now. This time Cary Grant has vanished altogether, except for some introductory scenes from the original film which serve as a kind of explanatory introduction, but Miss Bennett, Miss Billie Burke, and Mr. Roland Young are still with us. A Riviera hotel, with a *plage*, is the major setting for the piece, which gets a little talky and slow at times but is often funny. I myself could easily stand a "Topper" a year, and I might easily be persuaded to go to a revival of "The Invisible Man" as well.

NEW YORKERS may be interested to hear that Maxine Sullivan went to Hollywood and has now turned up in a film. The film is "Going Places," a Dick Powell rattletrap, and it would be my suggestion to wait till Maxine has got herself better placed, for this is a gabby and dreary show. Jimmy Durante has been travelling also, and has sauntered into a British film with Richard Tauber. "Forbidden Music," music by Oscar Straus, is a gentle operetta of the old school, without really much Durante in it. We haven't appreciated Mr. Durante, it would seem, in this country. A program note slaps us for our ignorance. Little did I realize until I read the note that "Today, Jimmy is the twentieth century's crystallization of Cyrano and the *commedia dell'arte*."

"La Vierge Folle" (for local sports, "The Foolish Virgin"), a hit in Paris, as it couldn't fail to be with that title, has popped up in our new Cinema 49 on West Forty-ninth Street and is, as you have guessed already, a very respectable adult study for serious-minded folk. It's a problem play. The problem: the tragedy of a love affair between a nice young girl and an elderly married party. The drama becomes real enough in due time, though its solution is plain melo.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

IF I WERE YOU

If I were you
　And you were I,
Your deeds I'd do,
For I'd be you,
While you'd pursue
　My course. And why?
Well, I'd be you
　And you'd be I.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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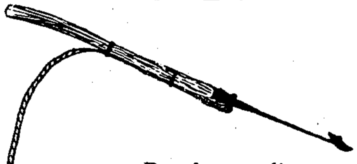

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BOOKS

Three Novels to Open

IT is not pleasant to begin the New Year by recording the fact that Sylvia Townsend Warner's "After the Death of Don Juan" is a bust. But a bust it is, and a doubly disappointing bust after her delicate and original "Summer Will Show" of two years ago.

The Don Juan legend, in my opinion, was never a particularly interesting one, and what attracts so many writers to it has long been a mystery to me. How about this as a defensible thesis: the Great Lover theme is always treacherous, for obviously the Great Lover is the one and only character in the whole range of humanity whose specific excellences and qualities one may not, for reasons of propriety, portray, whether in a novel or on the stage. For instance, all women above the mental age of twelve snicker at the character of Romeo, feeling that he is a fake. (If you *love* Romeo, please don't write me indignant letters; this is just a will-o'-the-wisp notion of mine, no more.)

To get back to that other stuffed satyr, Don Juan. Miss Warner apparently wanted to write about him. She also wanted to write a novel of social criticism strongly revolutionary in tone. She also wanted to write about the Spanish peasantry, whom—she is, or was, a volunteer worker on the Loyalist side—she has come to know and like. To effect a fusion of these three aims was too difficult a job. In her version, the betrayed Doña Ana, believing Leporello's story (that Don Juan has been dragged down to hell), makes a pilgrimage to his ancestral estate to tell the sad tale to Don Juan's father. She does this, apparently, because she is really nuts about Don Juan and has to keep on talking about him to somebody. Well, to make a dull story short, Don Juan comes back to life, at any rate in a technical sense, and bobs up just in time to take a leading part in quelling an insurrection on the part of his miserable serfs. Miss Warner seems to be telling us—I may have this wrong—that Don Juan is less important as a romantic symbol than as a feudal landlord. She succeeds in making him interesting as neither.

There are some good peasant scenes of the type known as earthy, which critics of a generation ago used to call "Shakespearean." Also, the watery solution of fantasy in which the whole story is dipped may attract some whose imaginations are more volatile than my own. Beyond this I cannot go. Miss Warner is a beautiful writer and her talent has broadened with the years, but I feel that "After the Death of Don Juan" is one of those gestures of willfullness that all writers are entitled to occasionally. Perhaps we'd better just wait for her next.

T. H. White's "The Sword in the Stone" is fantasy, too, but more palatable. Rather hard to describe, it's a crazy cross between, or among, "Stalky & Co.," "Alice in Wonderland," "The Wind in the Willows," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and the creations of Walt Disney. Hearing no voices to the contrary, I assume I make myself perfectly clear.

"The Sword in the Stone" is about medieval England, a young boy called the Wart, his slightly older playmate Kay, his eccentric tutor Merlin, and an odd collection of other characters, including a mad hawk, Robin Hood, a first-class witch, a giant (sounds like a satire on dictators, this giant business), some assorted fish and snakes, and the goddess Athene—quite a lively handful. The Wart (really the boy Arthur, you know) goes through a variety of experiences, chivalric or magical, the result of which is to make him fit to assume the kingship. (You remember from your Malory the beautiful legend of the sword that only the innocent and unwitting young Arthur could dislodge.)

The best parts of the book deal with such matters as falconry—about which Mr. White knows everything—and jousting and how fish feel. When Mr. White is being, as he thinks, funny in the Mark Twain tradition, he is pretty dreadful, and you may as well hop over the designedly humorous parts. In general, this isn't everybody's cup of tea, and a lot of perfectly intelligent people will think it rather silly. It *is* silly if it's taken seriously as a tract on education or as a picture of medieval manners, but then Mr. White doesn't insist that you take it in any special way at all. I think he wrote the book just for a lark, and a very nice lark it turned out to be, too.

Mildred Walker's "Dr. Norton's Wife" is an honest, straightforward little novel, the best of the three she has written. It is a study of married love, invalidism, and the medical profession, and Miss Walker makes a good job of the blend. Her heroine is the wife of a doctor who must keep from her his knowledge that she is dying of multiple sclerosis. Various painful questions of medical ethics are involved, Dr. Norton falls half in love with his sister-in-law, and other complications are carefully woven into the plot. In the end love emerges triumphant over disease and pain, but not in the cinema manner. Though a bit depressing, perhaps, "Dr. Norton's Wife" is a workmanlike job

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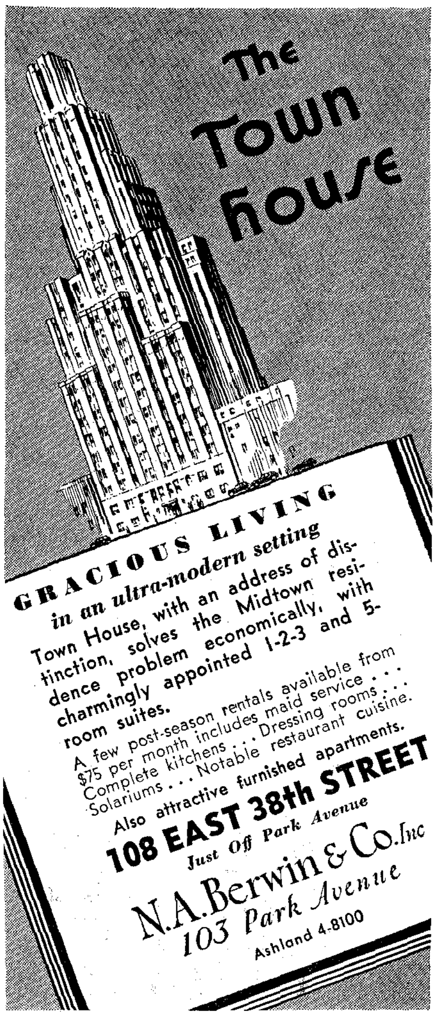

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technically. The author has a precise feeling for the atmosphere, the personalities, and the intrigues of a small medical college. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LIFE MAKES ADVANCES, by Madeleine Boyd. Longish novel, unemphatic and intelligent, dealing with a young French girl's adventures in prewar Dublin and Baltimore, her marriage to a young Irish intellectual, her fleeting experiences with other men. Interesting glimpses of Æ., Mencken, Maud Gonne, etc., give the book a non-fictional character which is at times a little confusing.

COLIN LOWRIE, by Norah Lofts. A young Scots Jacobite flees to America in 1745. Before he returns home, he covers considerable territory in the West Indies and the American Colonies and meets many ladies, among them a barmaid, a nun, a Negro slave girl, and a Virginia girl with a touch of Scarlett O'Hara in her make-up. "Anthony Adverse," not "Gone with the Wind," however, will haunt you as you follow Miss Lofts' hero through his tribulations.

KÖNIGSMARK, by A. E. W. Mason. Romantic cloak-and-sword business. The unhappy love affair of Sophia Dorothea of Hanover and Philip von Königsmark, pageboy and soldier of fortune. The time is the late sixteen-hundreds and Mr. Mason has dressed his tale up with considerable charm.

JILL FELL DOWN, by Jerrard Tickell.

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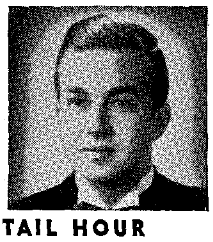
MORTON
and his
Orchestra



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Complications in the life of a social young lady in London after she is mistakenly arrested for soliciting. Nicely done light novel by the author of "Fly Away Blackbirds."

GENERAL

Unforgotten Years, by Logan Pearsall Smith. A thin and ineffably mild sheaf of memoirs by the author of "Trivia" and "On Reading Shakespeare." They deal mainly with Mr. Smith's early years in America—he comes of a famous Quaker family—but include a few frail tales about Henry James and Edith Wharton. There is an occasional neat, ironical, quietly Victorian sentence. Pleasant reading for retired literary gentlemen over sixty.

The Eighth Art: A Life of Color Photography, by Victor Keppler, with a foreword by Bruce Barton. This is for postgraduates only. A magnificent large volume full of historical and technical data, including up-to-the-minute news on the most recent color processes. Thirty-one excellent color plates.

The Hannes Schneider Ski Technique, by Benno Rybizka, with a foreword by Hannes Schneider. A definitive work on the most famous skiing techniques. Deals with equipment, walking, climbing, downhill running, the three fundamental Schneider exercises, speed turns, jump turns, and terrain jumps. Photographs.

Why Hitler Came into Power, by Theodore Abel. A documented, objective explanation, based on an examination of 600 depositions by Hitler's followers. Particularly valuable for the student of mass psychoses.

Body Menders, by James Harpole. Readable followup of the author's "Leaves from a Surgeon's Case-Book." Twenty surgical cases, artlessly narrated, but you don't mind the artlessness.

American Labor, by Herbert G. Harris. Non-partisan, intelligent, and authoritative history of the American labor movement. Rather scholarly.

VERSE

M: One Thousand Autobiographical Sonnets, by Merrill Moore. Marginalia and random thoughts expressed in many variants of a fourteen-line form. They rise to no great heights, but have pleased Louis Untermeyer, William Carlos Williams, etc.

Dead Reckoning, by Kenneth Fear-

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ing. Crisp, merciless shafts at the American setup, using, satirically, the jargon of advertising and headlines.

MYSTERIES

FOUR FRIGHTENED WOMEN, by George Harmon Coxe. There's nothing like the nude corpse of one of America's movie sweethearts for that after-Christmas letdown. Kent Murdock, photographer, finds all kinds of excitement when he visits the home of Ted Bernard, radio comedian. This glimpse into the domestic life of our star entertainers should make the home girls feel happy.

HE WOULDN'T STAY DEAD, by Frederick C. Davis. Cyrus Hatch, professor and crime expert, and his bodyguard, Danny Delevan, are baffled by a disappearing corpse. Nice, fast story impeded by some heavy humor.

THE LIMPING MAN, by Margaret Erskine. Terror seizes the inhabitants of an English village when murder strikes again and again. The murderer goes to a lot of trouble scaring people, which may make the reader wistful when Septimus Finch of Scotland Yard traps him.

A ROPE FOR HANGING, by Nigel Morland. Palmyra Pym of Scotland Yard feels sure that the important Mr. Abraham Mencken is up to no good. She is assisted in her investigations by young Dick Loddon of the *Daily Report*. Lively reading if Mrs. Pym's character doesn't overpower you.

•

In Mexico, another sight-seeing objective for travelers has been provided, with the discovery of a pre-Courtesan city near Puebla, Mexico.—*Bronxville Review-Press.*

That's the *earliest* damn city we ever heard of.

•

John Charles Thomas, American baritone, since 1934 a member of the Metropolitan Grand Opera association, will sing in the Consistory Sunday afternoon. John Charles Thomas should not be confused with Lowell Thomas, radio commentator.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Why not?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Churchman*]

The Rev. Vine Deloria, Dakota priest, dramatically pictured the lamentable condition of the Indians under present conditions. He stated that practically one half of the Dakota Indians have been baptized in the Episcopal Church.

America's Smartest Resort Hotel

Located on the Ocean in the exclusive
North Shore District of
Miami Beach

Smartly continental in its atmosphere . . yet as modern as tomorrow . . combining the latest in decoration and architectural design with Old World standards of cuisine and service. Now open for the season. European plan.

Reservations in advance are advisable.
Write or wire
J. J. Carroll, *Managing Director*

THE ATLANTIS
ON THE OCEAN AT 27th STREET
MIAMI BEACH

MIAMI BEACH
The SURFSIDE
ON THE OCEAN AT 25TH ST.

EVERY ROOM WATERFRONT
125 outside rooms, private bath and shower, all overlooking ocean or lake. Suites if desired. Fireproof. Cuisine, service, appointments of superior standards.

LARGE PRIVATE BEACH
reserved exclusively for guests—and complete solaria. All sports available. Exclusive, accessible location. ★★This distinguished hotel now offers the advantages of ownership-management. Extensive improvements provide added comfort for guests at surprisingly moderate rates. Write for complete details today

OPEN FROM DECEMBER
EUROPEAN PLAN RATES

NUDIST CAMP
MY DEAR,
HE WEARS NOTHING BUT KREMENTZ

It's known that all things
comme il faut
Are done by doers in the
know.
Thus KREMENTZ jewels adorn
the bosom
Of the Who's Who, who
always choose'em.

KREMENTZ
Jewelry FOR Gentlemen

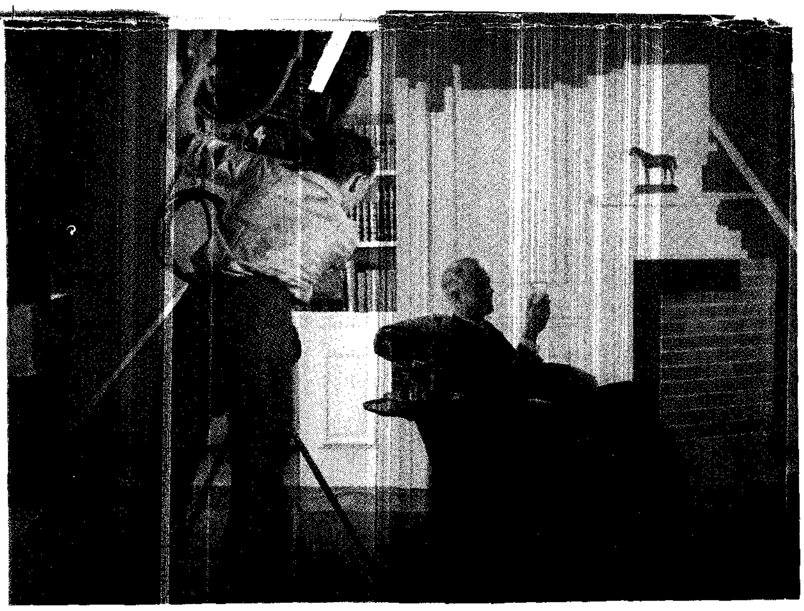
THE WESTBURY
This distinguished hotel has a definite appeal for those who prefer quiet and dignity.
Daily rates: $5.00 up single
$7.00 up double—$10.00 up suites
Also Monthly and Seasonal
Direction Karl P. Abbott • Ross W. Thompson, Mgr.
MADISON AVE at 69TH ST. N.Y.

Watch us take a picture for a Four Roses ad

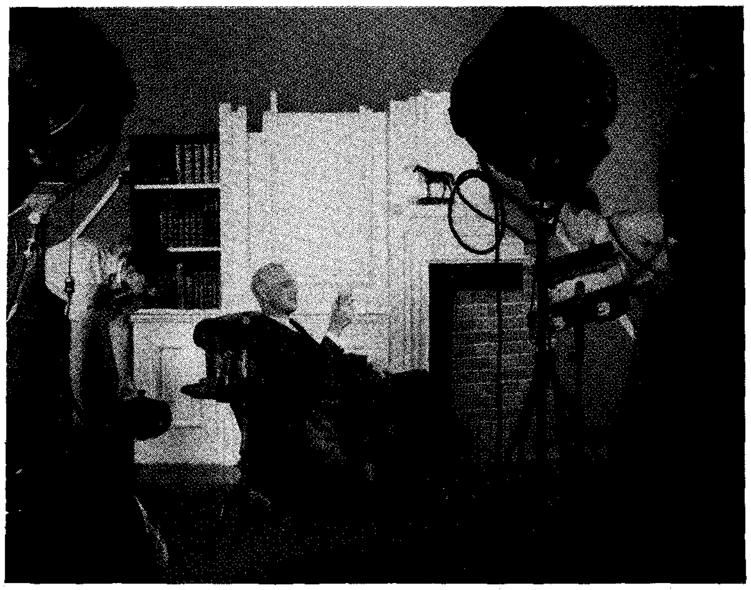
1. A few weeks ago, we dropped in at the studio of Anton Bruehl, the famous photographer, to watch him take a color photograph for a Four Roses ad.

As he arranged his equipment, Bruehl remarked: "In making a picture, I combine *several* lights into *one* light that has every effect I want." It struck us that here was a certain similarity to the way we make Four Roses: by combining *several* fine straight whiskies into *one* whiskey that's finer still.

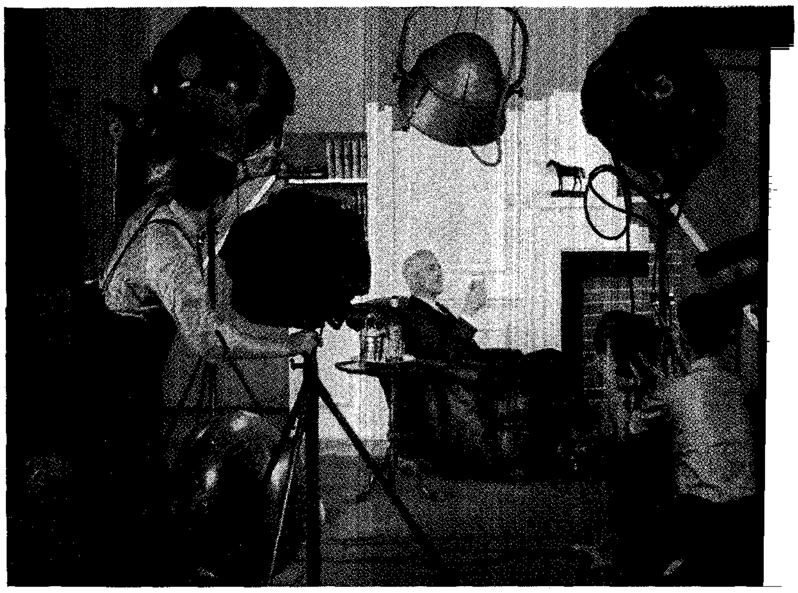
So we asked Bruehl to demonstrate . . . and here is the result:



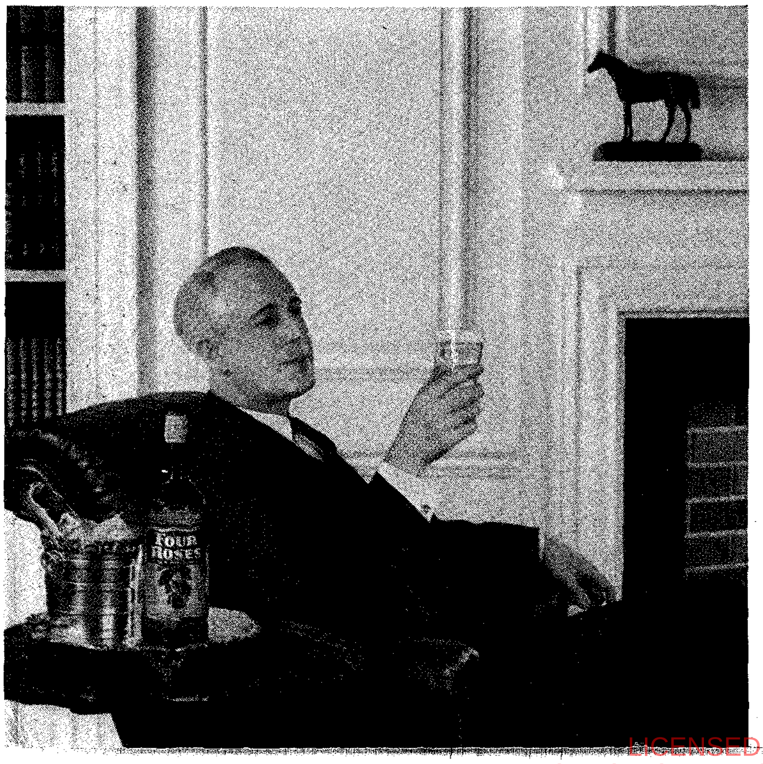
2. "First," explained **Bruehl,** "I put this 5,000-watt floodlight in position. But it's easy to see that one light is not enough, just as you say one whiskey is not enough in making Four Roses.



3. "So I spot several other lights, in such a way that unwanted shadows disappear. Now the set begins to take on warmth and depth.



4. "Finally, by carefully *combining* the lights in just the right way, I highlight the important elements that I want to bring out sharply in the finished photograph. Now I'm ready to take the picture." And . . .



5. Here's the way the photograph turned out—a picture with *every* quality it should have, because the photographer skilfully combined *several* lights to achieve the *one* perfect light he needed.

Similarly, *we* couldn't hope to achieve the *perfect* whiskey by using just a *single* fine straight whiskey. Instead, we take *several* whiskies, each selected for some special virtue. Then, with the skill of 74 years guiding our hand, we combine them to make *one* whiskey that we believe is America's finest—Four Roses!

Ask for Four Roses at your favorite bar or package store—today. You may find that it costs a little more—*but it's worth it!*

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof—Every drop is whiskey.
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY—BAR NONE

JA
L'AIMANT "THE MAGNET" COTY